

September 13, 19

# Life

10¢



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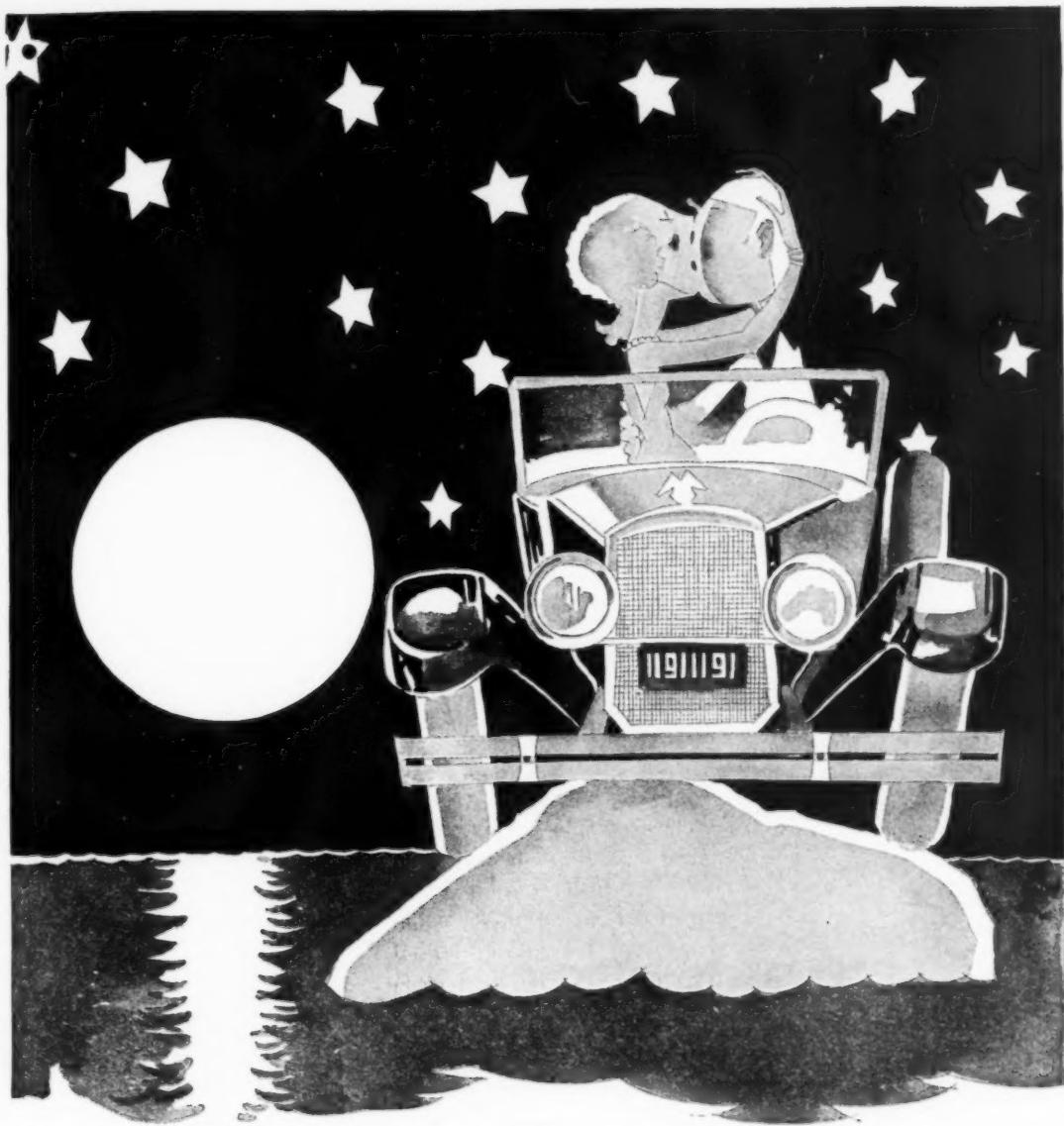
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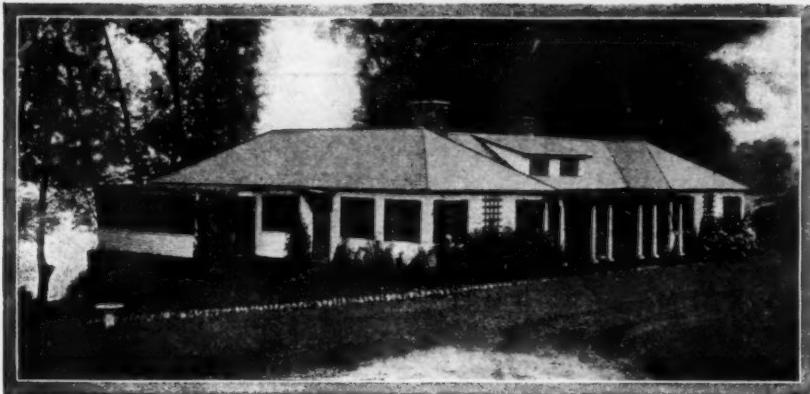
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*The Hodgson booklet also pictures and prices furnishings, garages, and lawn and garden equipment—bird houses, dog kennels, arbors, poultry-houses, etc.*



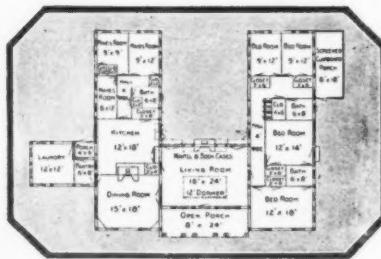
## HODGSON *Houses*

LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Publishing Company, 598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription, \$5.00. Vol. 94, No. 2445, Sept. 13, 1929. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter New York, June 8, 1883, at New York Post Office, under act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter at the Post Office, Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 1, 1903. Entered at the Post Office, Dept. of Canada. Copyright 1929, Life Pub. Co., U. S. England and British Possessions.

## LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD

"You really have got big eyes for a wolf—I'm not flattering—I hate girls that flatter every wolf they meet . . . Now don't laugh that way! I mean it! You've got awfully fine eyes. I think a wolf's character always shows in his eyes, don't you? I've seen wolves I wouldn't trust for a minute, just from looking at their eyes. But yours are so kind of frank . . . Turn your head just a wee bit so I can see your ears—I suppose you think I'm *childish*, but you've got the most aristocratic ears! Sort of slender, and I just love the way your hair curls back of them—there you go laughing at me again. You think I'm silly, of course, but I'm not, really. I'm reading your character from your features; it's a regular science. You can tell absolutely whether a wolf is one you'd want to have for a—well, for a *friend*. A girl has to be awfully careful in the wolves she picks for her *friends*. But I'd trust you anywhere—now don't laugh that way—I think you're terrible. Let's change the subject—I'll bet you can't guess what I've got in this basket. No it is not gin—I think that was a perfectly awful thing to say—I don't like you any more—no, I mean it, I don't like you one little bit now . . . Look, did anyone ever tell you you've got awfully big white even teeth? I love big white teeth in a wolf—they make him look so virile —no, I'm not kidding—honestly! Don't be so *mean*! I actually think teeth make all the difference—a wolf without big strong teeth looks sort of effeminate somehow . . . But you've got *marvelous* teeth . . . You could eat me up? . . . You mustn't say such things—just suppose somebody— . . . No, you mustn't really— . . . I want us just to be friends—I mean it —now stop that! Grandma's liable to come back any minute!"

—Heman Fay, Jr.



contractors, estimates, delay, and extra expense, you have your vacation home ready to occupy almost before you know it. If you prefer, we will send a Hodgson construction foreman to supervise all details of erecting. Building terrors have no place in the Hodgson scheme.

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EDWINA'S DOG  
HAS A NAME!

See Next Week's  
Issue

# An Ancient Prejudice Has Been Removed



**"toasting  
did it"—**

*Gone is that ancient prejudice against cigarettes—Progress has been made. We removed the prejudice against cigarettes when we removed harmful corrosive acrids (pungent irritants) from the tobaccos.*

YEARS ago, when cigarettes were made without the aid of modern science, there originated that ancient prejudice against all cigarettes. That criticism is no longer justified. LUCKY STRIKE, the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the choicest tobacco, properly aged and skillfully blended—"It's Toasted."

Toasting, the most modern step in cigarette manufacture, removes from LUCKY STRIKE harmful irritants which are present in cigarettes manufactured in the old-fashioned way.

Everyone knows that heat purifies, and so "TOASTING"—LUCKY STRIKE'S extra secret process—removes harmful corrosive acrids (pungent irritants) from LUCKIES which in the old-fashioned manufacture of cigarettes cause throat irritation and coughing. Thus "TOASTING" has destroyed that ancient prejudice against cigarette smoking by men and women.

"It's toasted"—the phrase that describes the extra "toasting" process applied in the manufacture of Lucky Strike Cigarettes. The finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—are scientifically subjected to penetrating heat at minimum, 260°—maximum, 300°, Fahrenheit. The exact, expert regulation of such high temperatures removes impurities. More than a slogan, "It's Toasted" is recognized by millions as the most modern step in cigarette manufacture.

## "It's toasted"

TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Saturday Night, over a coast-to-coast network of the N. B. C.

© 1929, The American Tobacco Co., Mfrs.

# Life

## He Auto Know Better Next Time!

By Marian Deitrick

### Car-acters:

MAG NETO, who has long coils which she brushes daily

RAY DIATOR, hose a member of the Northwest Mounted Police Core

Rod, a man of parts

FAN, who has been around a lot

### ACT ONE

*Scene: MAG NETO's big Western cat-te wrench. MAG NETO is sweeping out wrench-house with a brougham. Enter Rod.*

Ron (suavely): Ah, fair one, I have a question to pop, fuel let me poppet! Do you not think it time our friendship should e-valve into love?

MAG NETO (haughtily): Begone, sir, ere I take your block and tappet with a brick!

Ron: Come, now, you Reo-ly Autocar for me! Ah, let me stroke those beautiful Auburn coils! Tell me, do I bore you?

MAG NETO (rudely): I was never so dashboard in all my life!

Rod: Come on, give us a little keys!

MAG NETO: Heh, heh, you are out of lock!

Rod (angrily): So! I gas you forget that your mort-gauge is due!

MAG NETO (tearfully): Oh, sir, I cannot be bearing to be cylinder old homestead!

Ron (triumphantly): Then how about Lincoln your hand with mine in marriage? For if you re-fuse, me proud beauty, it will be no choke for you! (Exit)

### ACT TWO

*Scene: The Universal Joint, a saloon housing a lot of idlers. Rod and FAN, a dancer, are at a table.*

FAN: What's this I hear about they are coupling her name with yourn, and yourn with horn? Is that fitting and proper?

Ron (evasively): Hood say such a thing? I tonneau what you are driving at! (Dreamily) But ah, it is true she has a nifty body! Oh, boy, you chassis what a frame!

FAN (indignantly): Say, is Fan-belt so bad herself, huh?

Ron (brusquely): I gusset will be best if I admit that my passions for you air-cooled.

FAN (ragingly): So! the hussy, I will bus her jaw! I will bumper one in the nose! I will breaker-arm! I will light on her lamp and socket!

Ron: Oil-tank you not to pan my friend!

FAN: Oil-pan her plenty! When I see her, oil-pump her full of lead! Oil-filler-neck with buckshot!

Ron (coldly): Washer idea? Your threats will avail you nut, for this very night I shall bolt with her! (Slyly) For she must make payment, and unless some one lens it to her, she is in no way conduit, and she will be casting herself at my feet! (Exit)

FAN (aloud, to self): So! tonight he plans to meter! Then oil-gauge the hour! For I am an old timer at this game, and I must protect the great love connecting-Rod and me!

### ACT THREE

*Scene: Camp of Mounted Police Petrol. Enter FAN on horseback, and blows "Assembly."*

FAN (excitedly): Gents, a lady is in the clutch-es of one who seeks to brake her spirit, and if she does not pay her taxi will kidnap her, intake her away and hold her till she is exhaust-ed and a-grease to wed him, so you must hasten to de-fender!

RAY DIATOR (gallantly): Boys, we must spring to the rescue of this maiden who is in shackles, for we cantilever to her fate, and if we flywheel save her in time! She is in the power of a shifty scoundrel, and low, we cannot be neutral, so let us go at high-speed! Forward!

POLICE PETROL (in unison): C'est la gear!

### ACT FOUR

*Scene: A magnetic-field near MAG NETO's wrench. Rod and MAG NETO are pursued by FAN and POLICE PETROL, and all are firing but missing.*

RAY DIATOR (shouting): Be cam, lady—we will save you!

POLICE PETROL: Hey, release that gal, hand-lever go!

RAY DIATOR (to POLICE PETROL): Feed like some more, let him have it!

Rod (surrendering): No, I have had enough, I gas-tanks just the same!

RAY DIATOR (seizing him): Ha! now you shall pay, four-wheel-brake your neck!

FAN: Oh, please do not brake-Ron's neck!

RAY DIATOR (to POLICE PETROL): Tie-Rod to a tree, and I will give the firing order!

Rod (philosophically, to FAN): Well, here's where Rod-ends, so come and em-brace-Ron farewell!

FAN (weeping): Oh, spare him from such a g-rim fate! I cannot bear tube be easing him for the last time! (Appealingly, to RAY DIATOR) You do understand, don't shoe? How would you have field-fuse him?

RAY DIATOR (wiping away a tear): S-top, boys! I gas-throttle be enough

(Continued on Page 5)

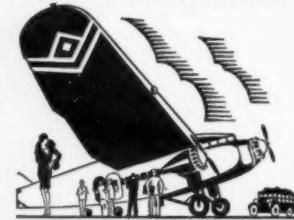
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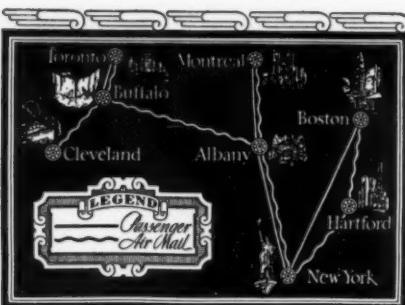
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Map showing flight routes from various cities in the Northeast.

*If you thought 'single'  
balloons made driving smoother wait  
till you ride on the DUAL-BALLOON!*



"A Scene in the Rhine Valley." Painted by Walter Klett for The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

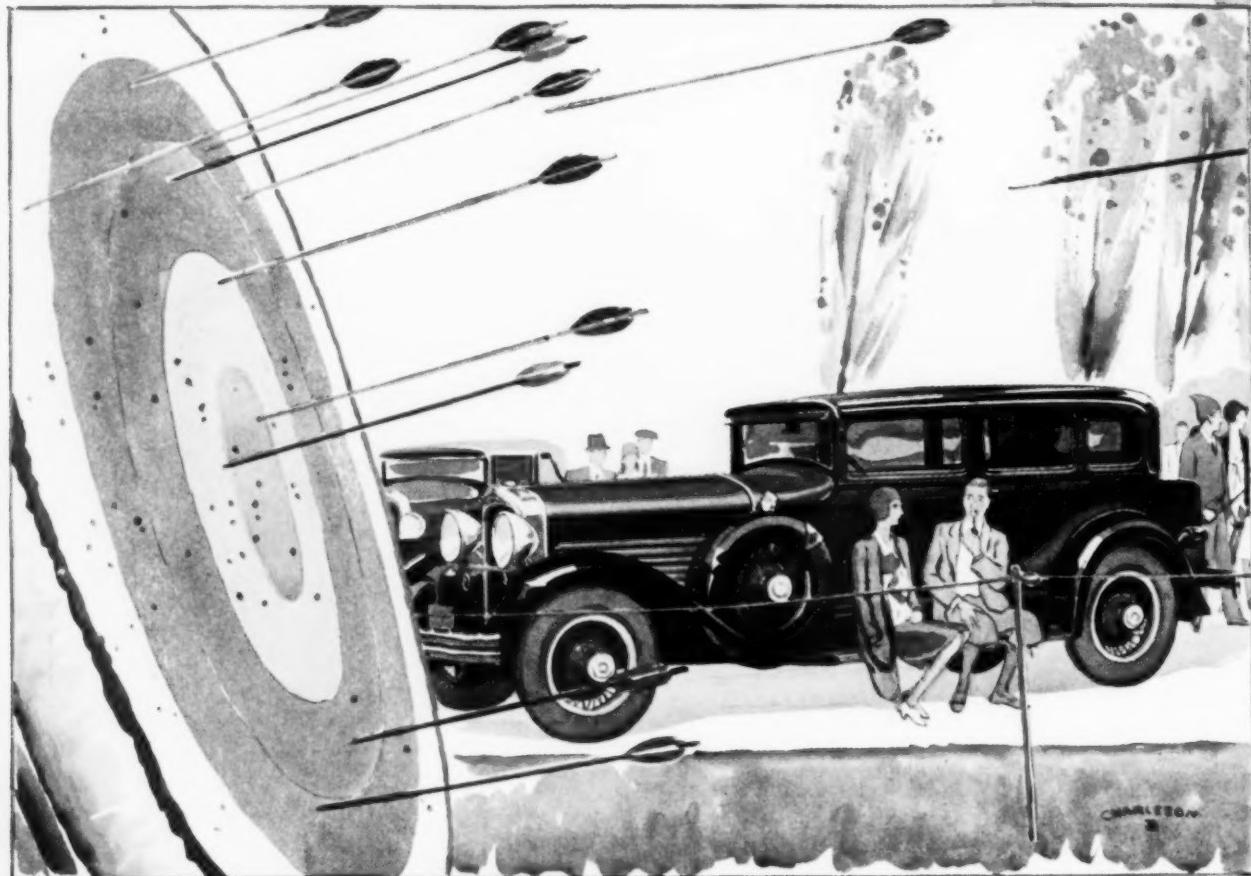
The New **GENERAL**  
**DUAL-BALLOON** 8  
—goes a long way to make friends

# Marmon

*driving ease, alertness, comfort of passengers— are Marmon traditions of years*

*standing—not mere words but basic principles which are today, as always, carried*

*into every car Marmon builds. did you ever ride in any Marmon and fail to admire*



*its speed, smoothness and riding ease? why don't you get all of these things for yourself in*

*a Marmon 78, which today is hundreds of dollars lower than any possible fine car rival.*

*the "78" illustrated is \$1965, factory, equipment extra. also, Marmon 68,*

*\$1465, and Marmon-built Roosevelt, \$995. all are straight-eights.*

*Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis*

**"And Ruth Said . . ."**

by George Mitchell.

*Ruth's Mother said:*

He may be a nice young man and all that but I don't see why she has to marry him. She has a nice cosey home here with us where she knows she can have all the young men she wants to call on her up to a reasonable hour at night. I don't understand young girls of today. In my day for instance . . .

*Ruth's Little Sister Jane said:*

Does he ever give me a half dollar? No. The best I ever got outer him was a nickel and I even lost that. I hope sis marries one of those other fellers that gives me chawkelets, becoz a man that's good and kind to a girl's sister's got a good, kind heart and will make a good, kind husband.

*Ruth's Aunt Jenny said:*

I can't abide him. He's entirely too familiar. Nobody but my own husband has ever chucked me under the chin and they won't what's more. I'm afraid Ruth is carried away by what she thinks is his good looks. Shucks! Beauty, I always say, is only skin deep.

*Ruth's Uncle Jimmy said:*

I think Ruth must be nutty. There's something radically wrong with a young man who'll flip your necktie out of your vest and ask you How's the Big Shot and then hand you a trick rubber cigar. I hate to think what he'll do when he gets into the family.

*Ruth's Brother Willie said:*

He's a flat. Ruth must be near-witted to give him a tumble. I don't like his borrowing habits . . . shirts, socks, dress clothes and the like. "Fraternal" he calls it. Fraternal my grandmother's knitting needles. They sure make 'em funny where he comes from. Well, I always said Ruth must of been kicked by a cricket when she was a baby.

*The Cop on Main Street said:*

Nobody that drives a car the way he does is hitten on mor'n one. When I see him boundin' toward me in that impetuous, dispeptic bus o' his, I'd like to be sittin' up in a tree away out o' harm's reach.

*The Switchboard Queen said:*

I've lisened in on many a pair of date-makers but honest to Gawd, I never heard anything like the line he pulls. "Honeyheart," he calls her. Gee, it's all I can do not to pull the plug on him.

*Ruth's Dad said:*

Nuthin' Doin'. I got enough mouths to feed without addin' that bozo to the family liabilities. If his head fell off and broke on the ground this would roll out of it but a

*His Mother said:*

Ruth's a nice girl. I'll say that for her but she's not good enough for my boy.

*His Sister said:*

I've always liked Ruth but what with all the men there are in the world she should want to grab off that cuckoo, she must be touched. There's only one advantage that I can see in being his sister: I can't marry him.

*His Father said:*

I have my doubts about any girl that'll give that young bird a break. Maybe she's all there but she can't prove it the way she's acting.

*His Boss said:*

Marriage or no marriage, if he don't bring in some business soon he'll have to go in business for himself. I can't carry him any longer, besides I'd like to smoke one of my own cigars once in a while.

*The Young Man himself said:*

Well, what about you, Ruthie?

*And Ruth said:*

Yes.

**Believe It Or Don't**

Miss Vena Nascom of the Bronx, N. Y., upon the evening of July 20, 1929, made up her face before starting out with her young man for a trip to Coney Island. Between that time and the hour of her return home, the next 1:00 A. M., not once had she considered it necessary to repair the face.

A young man soliciting subscriptions for magazines in August, 1926, in Danville, Ill., claimed to be a student working his way through college. Investigation disclosed that he spoke the truth.

**He Auto Know Better  
Next Time!**

(Continued from Page 4)

for him! We will just charge him with assault and battery, and put him in a nice dry cell until he promises to cut-out the rough stuff! (Overcome with emotion, to MAG NETO) May high-pressure hand?

MAG NETO (coyly): I have been waiting for some one like you to compression my hand!

RAY DIATOR (shyly): May I take you in my arms, hand-hole you tight?

MAG NETO: I have always wanted a big strong manifold me in his arms!

RAY DIATOR (happily): Then tomorrow we tool be wed with great pump and ceremony!

MAG NETO (fondly): Sure, if we can miss the jingle!

**THERE IS ALWAYS "SOMETHING TO DO" AT THE BROADMOOR**

**T**HE most complete rest or the most active exercise are at hand here—every day in the year. What do you like best to do—play? loaf? eat? sleep?—you'll never find a better place for it.

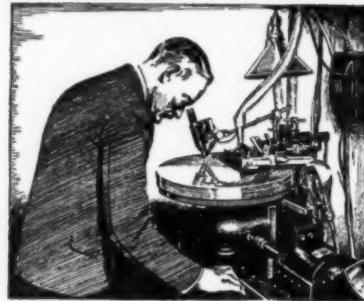
The golf's world famous—and so is the scenery—and so is the luxury you will find in apartment, lounge or dining-room. If you want better horses, better motors, better food, better service, better sports, better games, a better vacation—you'd better try Broadmoor!

In Autumn the mountains are at their best and balmy weather adds an extra measure of rest and recreation—so plan to come soon.

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HOME OF THE FAMOUS MANITOU SPARKLING WATERS

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in New York at the Ritz;  
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Free hangar at the airport;  
our motors will meet you.



3 YEARS  
AGO  
*. . . a hope!*

**TODAY** . . . *a success*  
*in theatres everywhere*



*Important to  
your enjoyment  
of sound pictures*

YOUR ENJOYMENT of any Sound Picture depends on three things—the picture itself, the quality of its Sound recording and the natural tone of Sound reproduction in the theatre where you sit. Do not let your entertainment be spoiled by indifferent reproduction.

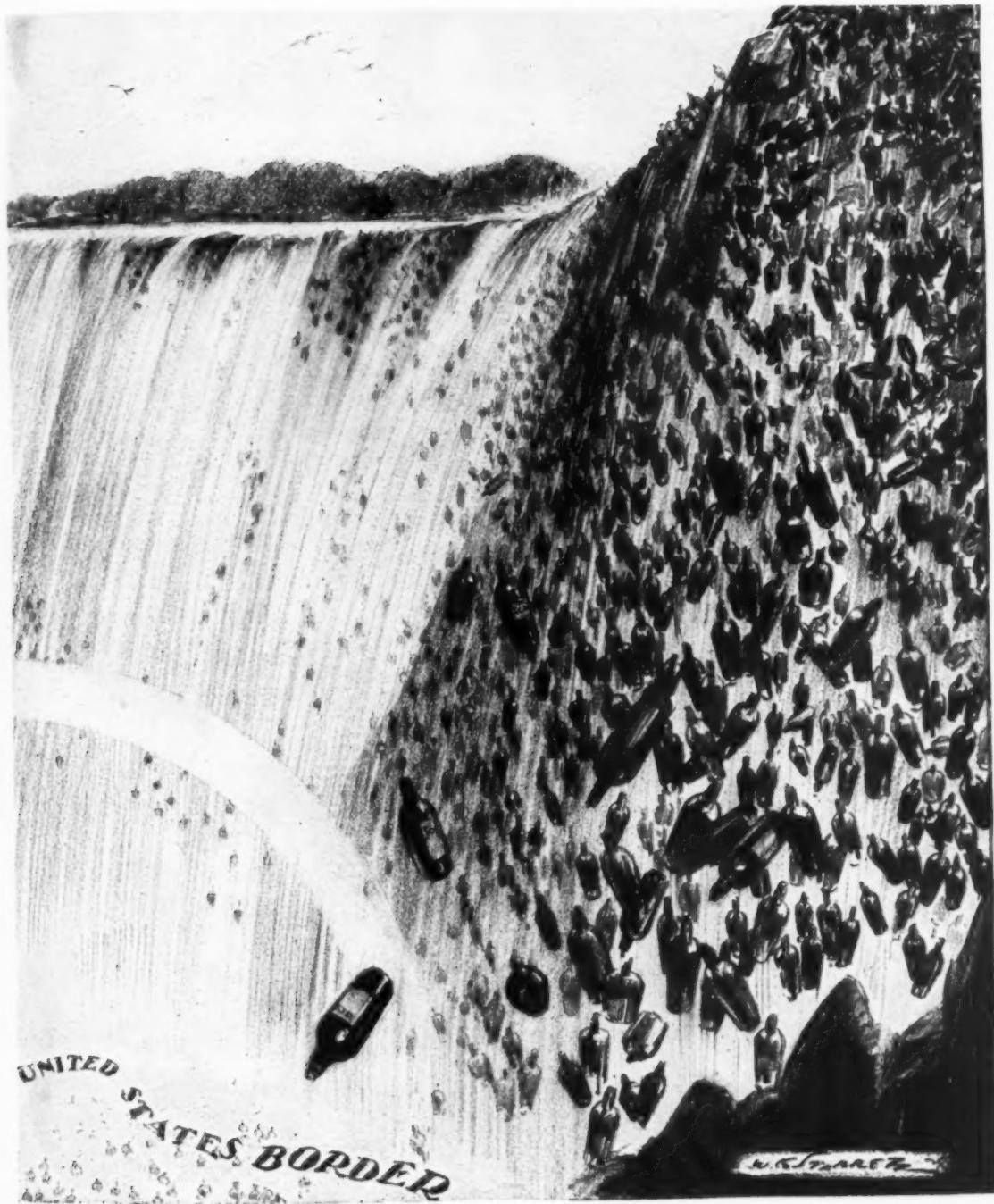
Get in the habit of going to theatres which have installed the Western Electric Sound System as an assurance of reliable quality. This system, made by the organization which three years ago developed the first practical Sound Picture apparatus, has proved a great

popular success the world over. Naturally so, because it is the result of half a century's experience in telephone making and it speaks with all the clearness of your telephone.

**TOMORROW?** . . . The art of making Sound Pictures is being constantly improved by leading producers, who are using Western Electric apparatus in their studios. These improvements will be best appreciated when the pictures are reproduced in theatres equipped with the Western Electric Sound System.



# Life



*The Canadian Falls.*



### Too Long A Wait

USHER: How many, please?

EXASPERATED PERSON: There were five of us but three died.

### Great American Institutions

Auditoryums  
Prohibition Awffisers  
Private Seketaries  
Bloon Scensions

Safety zones are nice. Stand inside one and all an automobile can do is hit you a sweeping side blow.



"My dear, I understand. Ever since I had Ling I've been so tied down."

### Tongues of Woe

There's snaw is on the heather,  
And ice thot's awn th' peat,  
Since we two trekked together  
Acushla, ma petite!

Du sagt, "Auf wiedersehen,"  
And I said "Toodleoo"  
We'll go no more a-Mayin'  
Mah yellah Lindy Loo.

Oi! you are yet a bummer,  
A bally, bloomin' cad;  
Ay tank yoost all de summer  
You getta me in bad!

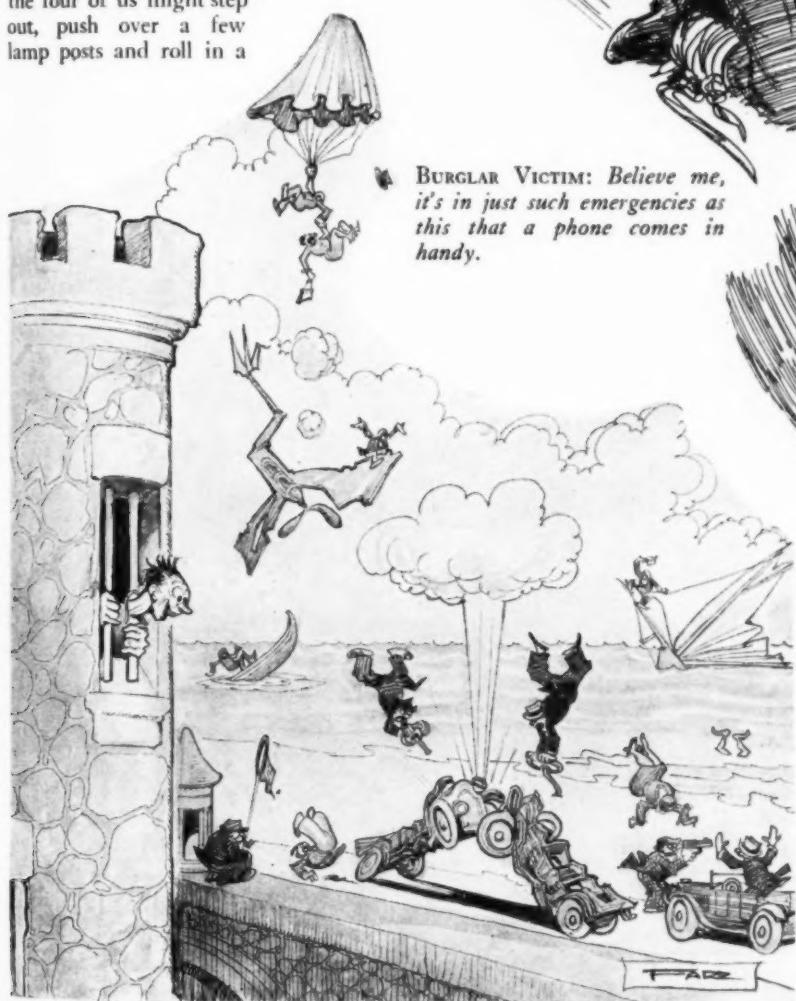
Quien sabe, cara mia?  
Maskee! (That's Chinese stuff)  
—And that, I guess, will be a—  
Bout languages enough!  
—Berton Braley.

## Life's Little Ironies

"Hello, Ed. How's the battle? Say, I hear you've gone and done it, you big chump. Buried—I mean, married. To think that you, of all guys, should be caught. I always had an idea you were smart. Well, well, well—poor old Eddie has stuck his neck in the yoke and joined the army of slaves. Anyhow, congratulations! That's the proper thing to say, isn't it? Although why anyone should congratulate a guy for tossing away his liberty is beyond me. Drop around and see me sometime. But I don't suppose you'll be able to get by with anything like that in the future, will you? Frances has got some dame from Alabama visiting her—and, boy, is she keen! A natural blonde; big, luscious blue eyes and all the trimmings. I was thinking that the four of us might step out, push over a few lamp posts and roll in a



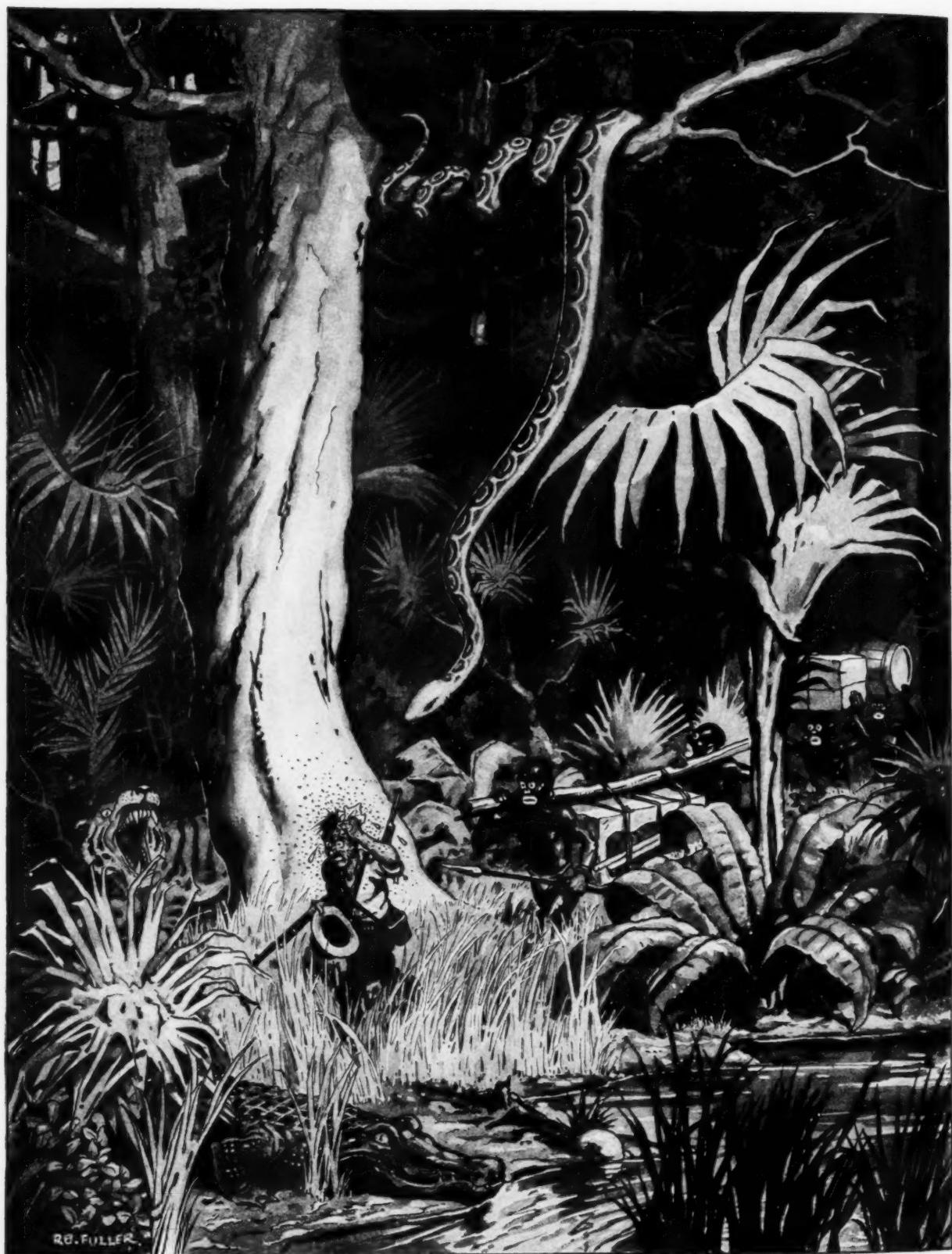
BURGLAR VICTIM: Believe me, it's in just such emergencies as this that a phone comes in handy.



Bug: Oh boy, now that they've got me stuck in here, I'm glad I'm safe from that bunch of nuts outside.

couple of gutters one of these nights—but, of course, you're not in circulation any more. Too bad. It's tough. Never mind, Eddie. I'll work double shifts and take care of all the business you'll be missing. Heigh ho—got to dash along now. I'm taking Maurine to lunch. You remember Maurine? The beautiful red-headed bimbo we met at Jerry's party a couple of months ago. She went for you in a big way, don't you remember? This town is swarming with beautiful women. The little black book is all filled up. I've started on the second volume. Any guy who ties himself down to one dame ought to be—well, no use crying over spilt gin. See you later. Give my best to the missus. Married! Pray pardon these few chuckles—you big sap!"

—Robert Lord.



TROPICAL EXPLORER: *What a fool I was, not to have gone with Byrd!*



# Short Stories of Life



## Guinea Pig's Father

By Elmer Davis

**T**HE news that Professor Baldaquin had murdered his son-in-law was a stunning surprise. After a year, our university town had stopped talking about Suzette Baldaquin's amazing marriage; and while a few people predicted that it would end in disaster, we had never looked for this. Baldaquin was the last man in the world you'd have expected to commit homicide in a frenzy of rage. Some people thought him capable of cold-blooded murder; but that usually springs from one of two motives—money, which Baldaquin did not need, or a deep unreasoning hatred which his cold scientific mind would have found absurd.

Occasionally I wondered why no one murdered Baldaquin; the man's arrogance was insufferable, but we all put up with it—partly because he talked so well, partly because his arrogance was justified. Money and publicity may not be the worthiest objects of human endeavor, but they are what most people want and Baldaquin had got them. His newspaper syndicate articles carried his name to millions of people who had never heard of any other psychiatrist; and the men in his own line regarded him either as the world's greatest scientist or as the world's worst faker. Women hated him, or said they did; he despised them collectively and ignored them individually. None the less, when his wife died—a sensitive sentimental creature who had drooped under his indifference—plenty of women would have been glad to succeed her. But she had left Baldaquin a child on whom he could demonstrate his theories, and he wanted no more from women.

It was his idea that the human race would run on an even keel if emotion weren't pumped into it in childhood, and Suzette was to be Exhibit A of the new unemotional education. The human guinea pig, somebody called her; but Baldaquin only laughed at that. She was never spanked, never petted, never noticed except when it was unavoidable; she was turned loose

in a room like a padded cell, with cheap toys that she could break till destruction lost its interest. She was cared for by a series of abnormally placid nurses and governesses—where Baldaquin found so many human cows is beyond me—and had an hour a day with her father, which he devoted to unemotional instruction. She could have entered the university at thirteen, but Baldaquin said he wouldn't let college life ruin his daughter; he turned her loose in the library, and left her to finish her education for herself.

She grew up tall and beautiful, and silent and unknown. She knew too much out of books, and too little else, to have anything in common with boys and girls of her own age; college students were repelled by her learning and young instructors by her indifference. Baldaquin meant to take her around the world when she was nineteen, but he had to postpone the trip on account of a newspaper syndicate contract, and in the interval she eloped with Harry Smith.

He was the last man you'd have expected her to marry—just a big, handsome, lazy fellow who had a little money of his own, but apparently felt that he could use the million Suzette would some day inherit from her grandmother. She fell for him, I suppose, because he was the first man who ignored her learning, broke through her indifference, and simply made love to her. Our town was startled; but her father only laughed and said she had to marry somebody to complete her education. Nobody suspected, then, the subtle cruelties of which Harry was capable; a few women thought they saw signs that he was treating his wife badly, but nobody took them seriously till the night Suzette ran home to her father, crying like a child. And presently Baldaquin went over to her apartment and killed Harry Smith, with his hands. You can pull a trigger in a split-second of frenzy, but to choke a man to death takes some perseverance. Baldaquin must have been on fire with hatred of his son-in-law, and when Suzette's maid testified at the preliminary hearing we knew why.

Harry had set out to break his wife's spirit down—with mental tortures, mostly, though he'd struck her when he thought it would be useful; the only mystery was why she had endured it so long, and she wouldn't talk until the trial. Her father was indicted as a matter of form; the prosecutor hated him, but nobody had any idea he'd be convicted. Even when the jury was drawn, with four women on it—they didn't know Baldaquin, but they must have known his opinion of their contemptible sex—acquittal seemed certain, till the prosecutor put Suzette on the stand. They don't worry much about rules of evidence in our state, when a woman is testifying in a big murder trial; and Suzette started with a bang. "I loved my husband. I hope they hang my father."

Gaffney, Baldaquin's lawyer, got that stricken out, of course; but the jury had heard it, and heard worse a moment later when Suzette was asked why she had married Harry. "Because," she said, "he was the only person who had ever been kind to me." As she told her story we who had never known her could see that she was her mother's child, sensitive and sentimental; the emotion that her scientific education had kept away from her had hit her all at once, and it had all been tied up with Harry Smith. And he knew it; he knew just how far he could go in his tormentings without risking that million—till the night when he forgot himself and called her a human guinea pig, good for experimental uses only. That had driven her home to her father.

Good excuse for homicide? Yes, but I didn't like the looks of those women on the jury. They looked as if they thought Baldaquin was the one who ought to have been killed. And I was afraid that when he took the stand, he who had never had an emotion before wouldn't be able to explain the emotion that had driven him to murder. But Gaffney took care of that. He kept Baldaquin off the stand and did the explaining in his summing up—a fine burst of Irish passion as he pictured the cold scientist suddenly.

(Continued on Page 42)



### Squirrel Cage

How I enjoy it all! moons on snow,  
Lilacs battered by rain;  
And this beautiful business of losing  
my heart  
And finding it, new, again!  
—Mary Carolyn Davies.

One advantage of a talking movie act is that you can applaud all you like with the positive assurance that there will be no encore.



### Scott Shots

Love in a cottage may be foolish,  
but it's better than love in a tabloid.

Another thing that's as bright and shiny as a new penny is an old suit of clothes.

The real movie hero is the man who can take his own seat and ignore the ushers.

Beating swords into plowshares is laudable, but we'd rather beat a loud-speaker into submission.

A hitch hiker is a man who will share your last drop of gasoline with you if you are going his way.

—W. W. Scott.

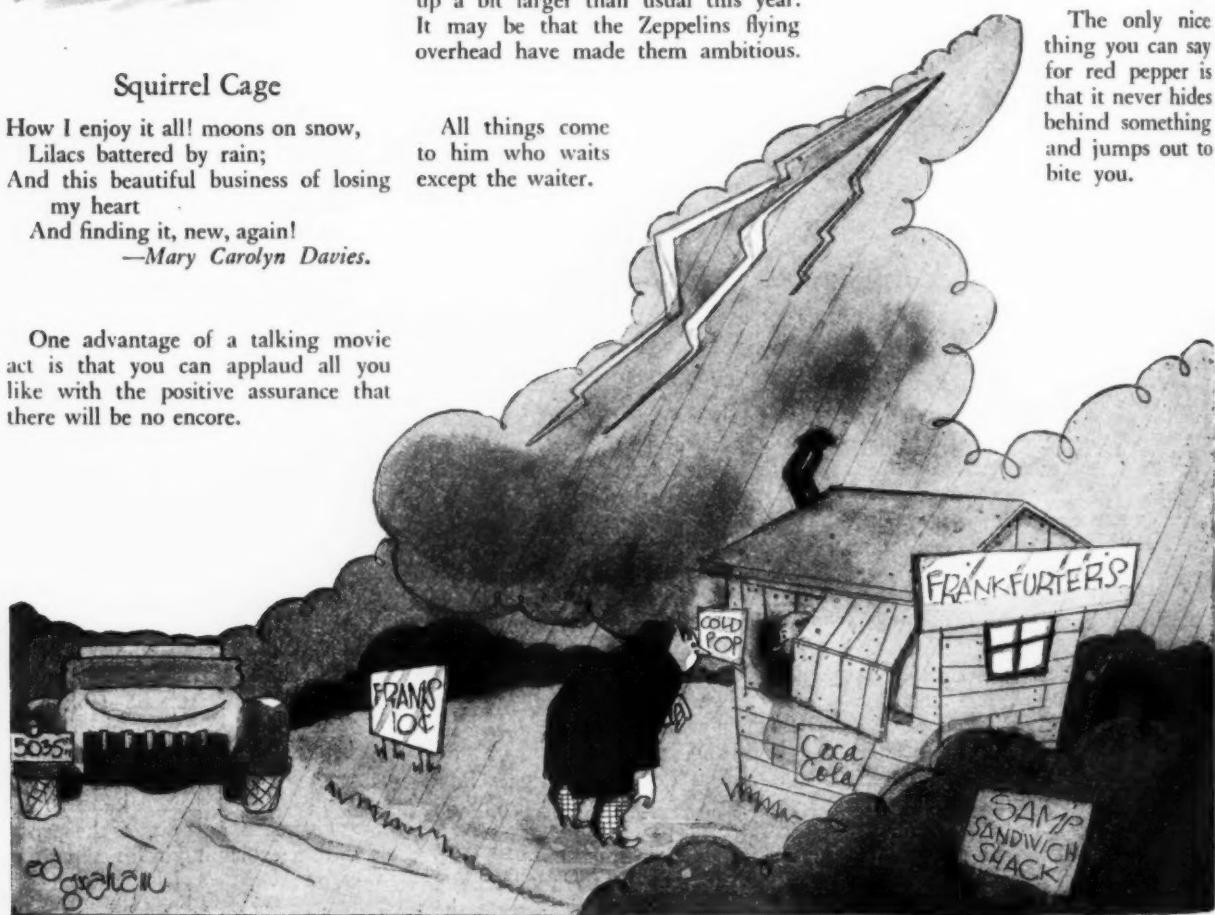
*FRIEND: Do you like the French telephone?*

*"Oh, yes, indeed—and Oliver finds it excellent for his exercises."*

The pumpkins seem to have swelled up a bit larger than usual this year. It may be that the Zeppelins flying overhead have made them ambitious.

All things come to him who waits except the waiter.

The only nice thing you can say for red pepper is that it never hides behind something and jumps out to bite you.

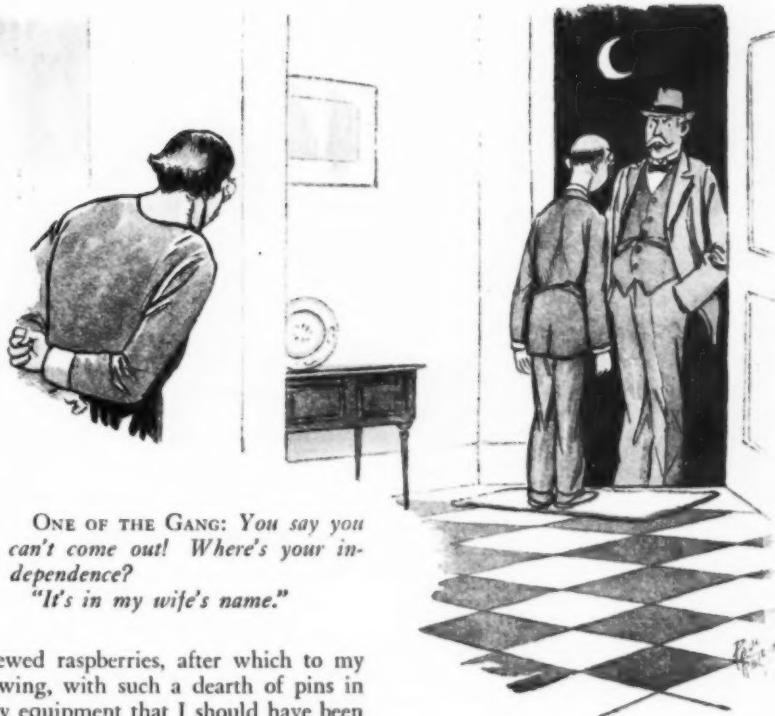


*"No siree, I wouldn't put a dog out on a night like this."*

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

by  
Baird  
Leonard

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., AUGUST 21—Pleasant discourse with my husband during my breakfast, a mixed blessing for a woman on short rations in that he does filch from my tray, and he did confide his conviction that our marriage might be counted a success as long as we do not inspire the comment that one of us is wasted on the other. He did also tell me of the woman in "They stooped to Folly" who wished, as she approached middle age, that she had less sex appeal and more card sense. All the morning gone in editing my notebook, which I do resolve to treat in future as though it were a larder, not letting any items stand too long, and dressing up those of indifferent value with a proper literary sauce, albeit I am puzzled at present about the disposal of such entries as "Garage employees often more efficient than they look" and "The new Boucher at the Metropolitan is not so good." For luncheon a fine mushroom soufflé, followed by a cutlet, macaroni and



ONE OF THE GANG: You say you can't come out! Where's your independence?  
"It's in my wife's name."

stewed raspberries, after which to my sewing, with such a dearth of pins in my equipment that I should have been

glad to find one on the floor even with the point toward me. To have my hair waved, a tedious business proving more

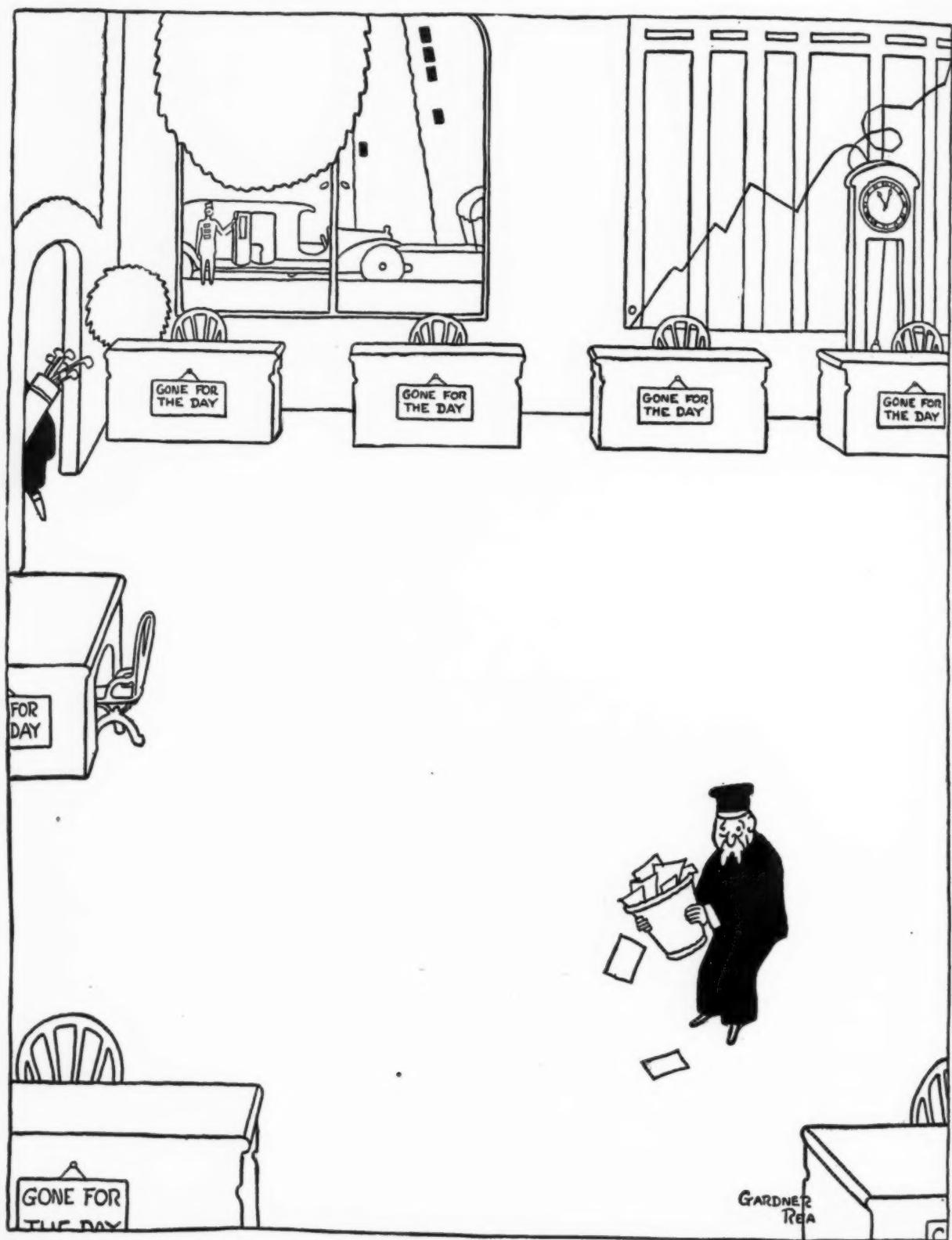
than any I know that "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle*," with the ironic consequence that frequently one does not emerge so very *belle*. A great company for dinner, and then to an outdoor dance at Feruleigh, where the grounds were all agleam and V. Lopez himself led the band, and during supper I was presented with an ar-

ificial ice cream cone five feet high which Susan had gone to such pains to procure that Sam says we must preserve it as a decoration to be brought out with the slip covers each summer, in the psychology of the iceless housewife who took down the picture of

(Continued on Page 38)



PUG (modestly): Oh just a little something I knocked out in my spare time.



Impressions of Magazine Offices.  
*Success.*



VANCOUVER, Wash.—The lawn-cutting problem has been solved here by Edgar M. Swan who has abolished the mower, eliminated the sprinkling, fears no weeds, and spends his time as he chooses without fear of the grass looking shaggy.

For two years Swan labored in vain to raise a crop of grass upon his gravelly front yard soil, into which he poured water copiously and uselessly. Then he hired a cement mixer, poured a smooth slab over his entire front yard, and painted it green.

EVANSTON, Ill.—Two men were fined by Magistrate Franklin for going bathing in Lake Michigan with all their clothes on.

KANSAS CITY—Because he loved his home, his pipe and his radio better than "whoopee" parties, Jackson C. Stanton, prominent local lawyer, lost his wife.

Within forty-eight hours after the divorce had been granted he had received proposals from sixteen women who wanted a home-loving husband.

FRESNO, Calif.—Ora O. Schott of Hutchinson, Kansas, wrote to County Assessor Cummings that when he lived in Fresno in 1928 he failed to report for assessment a 1921 model car and said: "Since I am a Christian man I want to do what is right." Cummings assessed the car at \$30. Schott paid the tax bill for \$1.08, which was passed to the conscience fund.

WAYCROSS, Ga.—Henry Russell arrived on a visit to his son exhausted from a fast drive to escape an approaching storm. He said the lightning was the most peculiar he had ever seen, that it came with clock-like regularity and unaccompanied by thunder. He was told that he had been trying to outrun a revolving beacon for night flying.

NEW YORK—Speakeasies have raid drills these days similar to fire drills or lifeboat drills. Every waiter and employee knows his place and his job when the word raid is heard.

Tables are cleared of glasses in a twinkling, all the liquor at the bar is poured down the sink and the proprietor puts on a kitchen apron.

CHICAGO—In fifteen years of driving a car Thomas Kilraine never received a "ticket." Recently he was hailed by a young man, who said he had a new job, and was a little late. Kilraine put on speed and landed his passenger at city hall at 8:25. The young man shook hands and remarked: "I'm one of the 500 new policemen, and I couldn't help noticing that you were doing forty-five at times. Here's a ticket."

WASHINGTON—The Prohibition Office reports that Georgia has lost its pre-eminence as the state with most stills seized per capita per annum. Florida has taken the lead. However, Georgia still retains the "most gallons seized" title, one-half gallon per capita per annum.

LYNN, Mass.—Claiming that during the first year of their married life her husband forced her to move twenty-six times to avoid paying rent, Mrs. Madeline E. Field applied for a divorce.

KANSAS CITY—The Bartenders' League has changed its name. It will hereafter be known as "The Beverage Dispensers' International League of America."

CHICAGO—Karl Stenger went to sleep under a tree in Lincoln Park, and woke up refreshed only to find himself in the custody of Policeman Roy Dunkleberger. While he was asleep someone had stolen his trousers.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Mr. Nicholas Flaherty of this city has been arrested charged with striking a traffic patrolman in the eye with a powder puff.

## Life Abroad

VIENNA—Austrian soldiers will not be allowed to read "All Quiet on the Western Front." Karl Vaugoin, Defense Minister, says, "The Ministry finds that the book is calculated to impair the military qualities of our recruits. It emphasizes only the shady side of war, while treating all the soldierly virtues skeptically. The Ministry is not concerned with the literary value of the book."

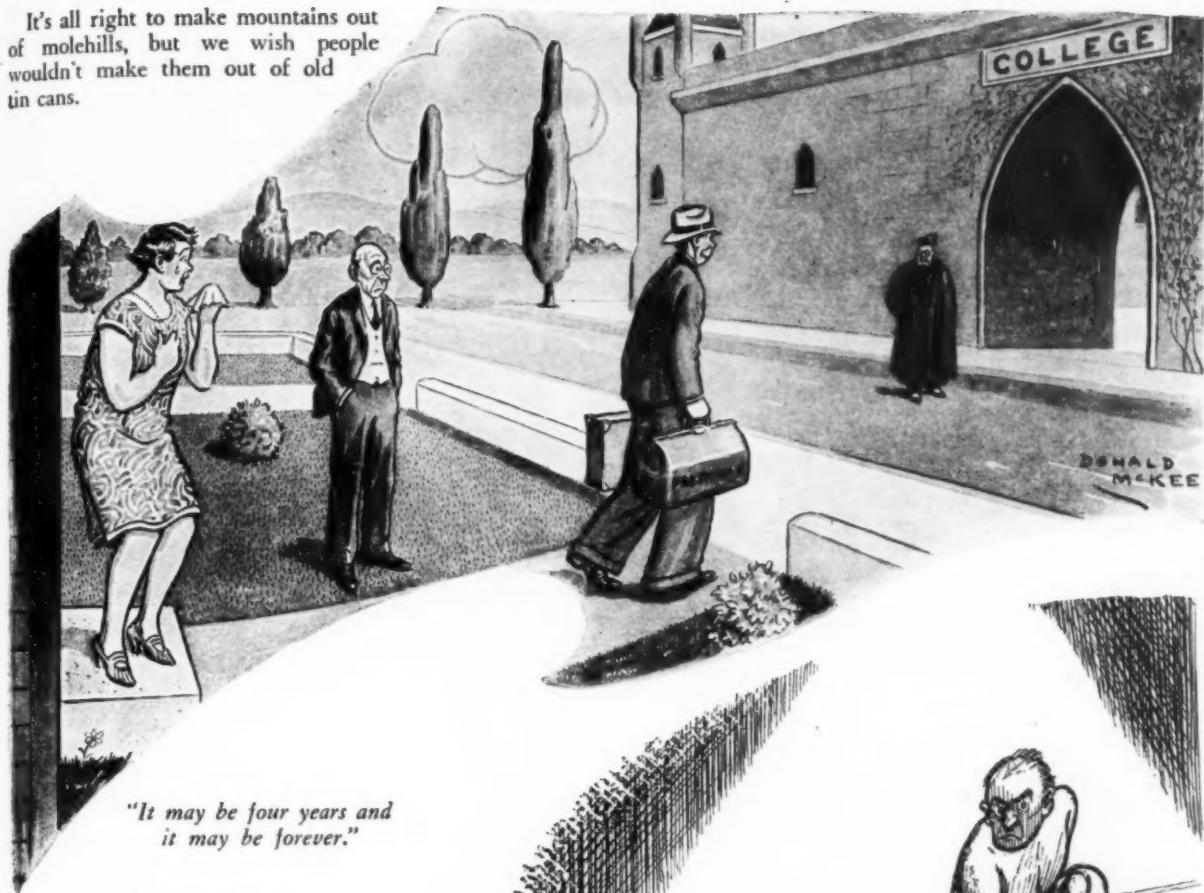
BERLIN—Madame Ivy Litvinov, wife of the Russian foreign minister Maxim Litvinov, has angered her husband's party by an article in the *Tageblatt* in which she wrote admiringly of the fashionable shops of Berlin. The Berlin Rote Fahne (Red Flag) urges her husband to divorce her. "Clear her out, Litvinov, a good Communist would sooner marry an alligator than have for a wife a bourgeoisie woman," says the editorial.

PARIS—An exhibition was held of 300 pictures painted by French artists confined in insane asylums. The work of many of them was said by experts to be superior to what they had done before entering the asylum.

LONDON—Answering Miss Gainey, assistant district attorney of the Bronx, who declared that red-headed girls are the champion home wreckers, Miss Irene Russell, famous in London for her Titian hair, says that if that is so, the girls are not so much to blame as the men, who are "still very primitive creatures and have by no means outgrown their primitive love of color."



It's all right to make mountains out of molehills, but we wish people wouldn't make them out of old tin cans.



### Campus Notes

Autumn is the time when parents sigh and decide that if they give son just one more chance at college maybe he will do better.

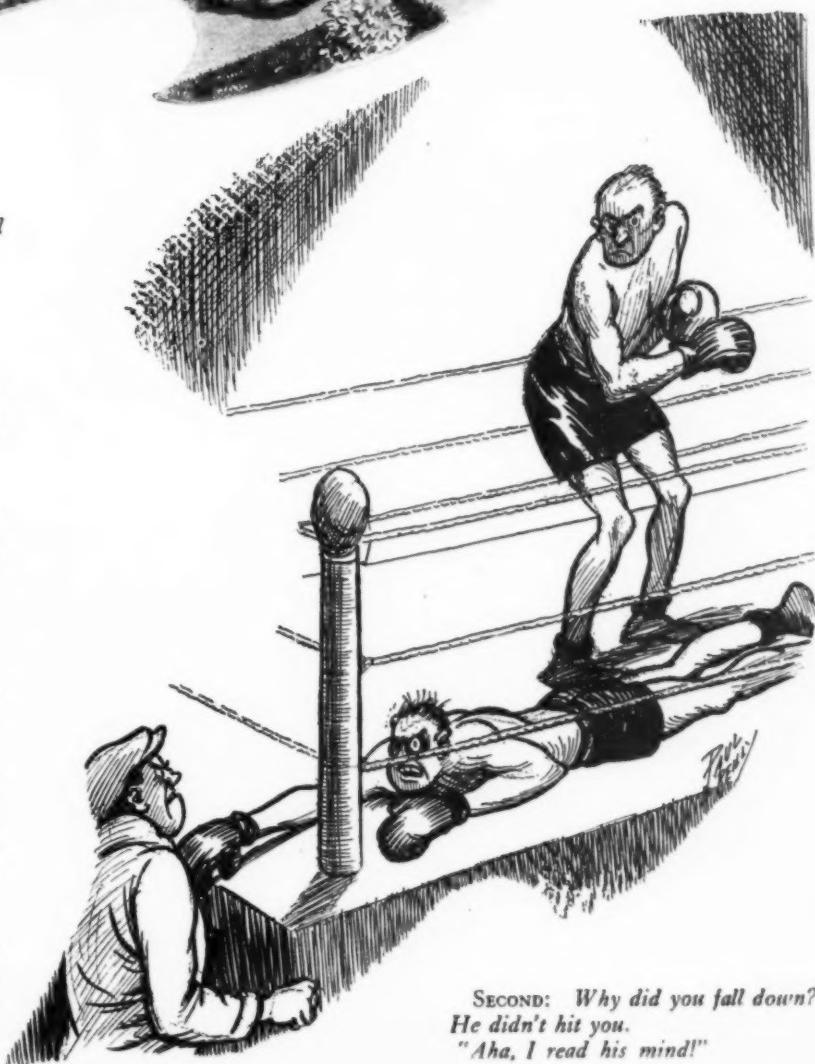
It is very difficult for a high school graduate to decide which college he should attend. One that had a winning team last year may have a losing team this year.

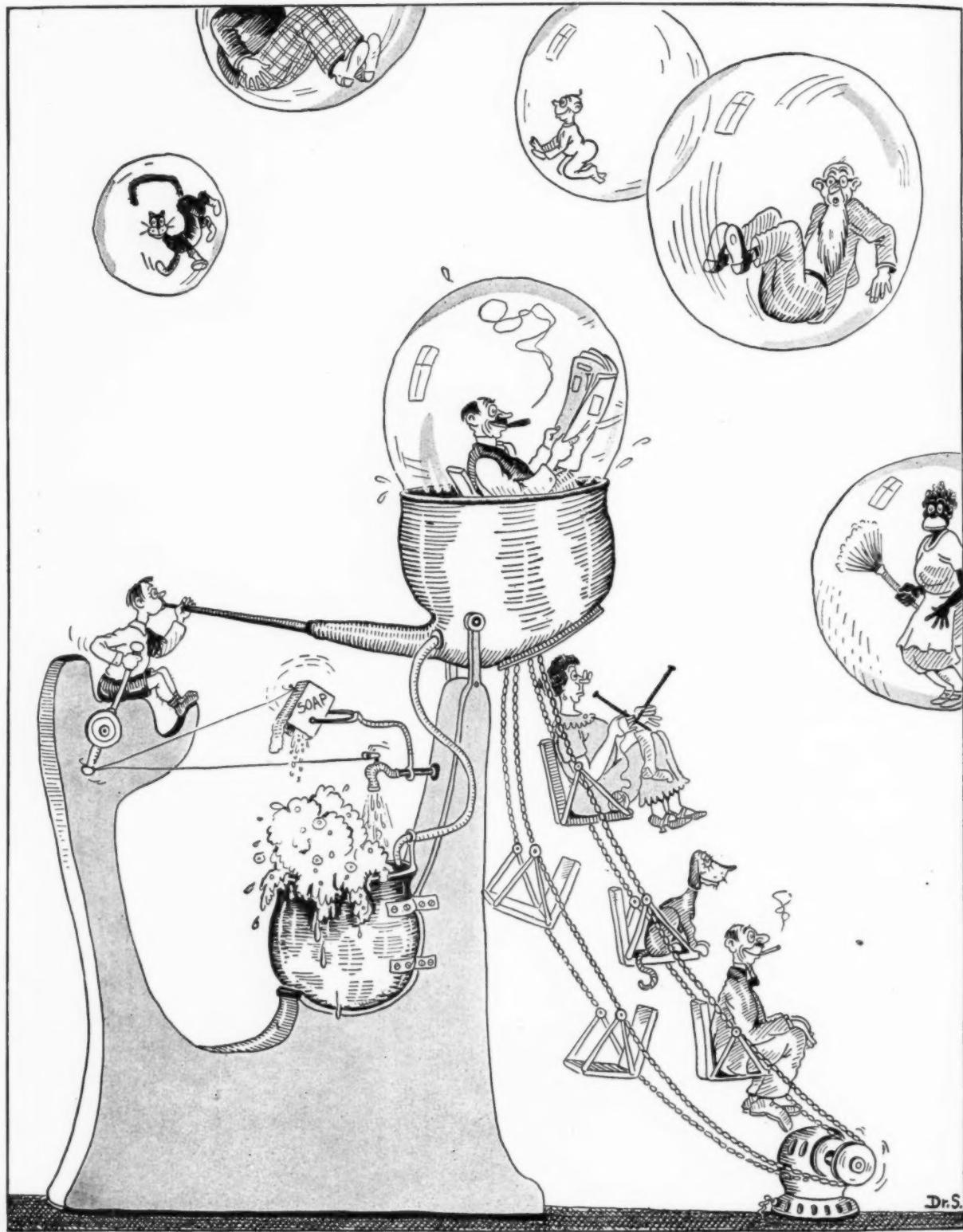
The man who went to college to get his sheepskin has a son now who goes to college to get his raccoon skin.

The football player who went to work at five o'clock every morning all summer long as an ice man is back in college now where he finds it next to impossible to make an eight o'clock class.

There are many fond parents who can't decide if the boy should be sent to Harvard, Yale, Princeton, California, Columbia or Leavenworth.

*—Bennie Benson.*





LIFE's Little Educational Charts.  
Showing how soap-bubble blowing may be made a truly fascinating pastime.



## Life in Washington

PHILIP Snowden's insistence at the Hague in playing "Rule, Britannia!" when France, Italy, Belgium and Japan were serenading the Young Plan with a vocal rendition of "Father and Mother pay all the bills, while we have all the fun," continues to tickle the official ear. With the British proposing to evacuate the Rhineland immediately and with French newspapers describing the Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer as the type of man who burned Joan of Arc and exiled Napoleon it looks as though the present discord over Reparations had put the Entente Cordiale to sleep. If so, Washington will cheerfully join in the cradle song. If the result should be a new political and economic concert between England, Germany and America, the French would have to sing soprano for the first time since the Treaty of Versailles. Perhaps that is why they have suddenly unearthed an unpaid debt for \$226,000 which we contracted a hundred and fifty years ago. Perhaps, also, that is why they have suddenly settled both the film and tariff disputes with us, on our own terms.

With France and England at odds, the chances for a naval treaty with the British are much improved. Premier MacDonald is expected to visit Washington in October to discuss naval disarmament and how. The Post Office has withheld a mail subsidy from the principal American steamship company competing with the British Cunard and White Star lines and the American people have taken out over one hundred billion dollars worth of straight life insurance, so it may be safe to go ahead now and try to get the British to share the rule of the waves.

The Senate Finance Committee took two months to complete its tariff revision, making 431 changes in the House Bill; it plans to allow the Senate two weeks to study it before voting to raise prices all around in the name of protection. The fact that food prices rose nearly 4% in the last year suggests that the farmers didn't need

much protection after all, but Senator Borah (the "Farmer's Friend")—who comes up for re-election next year—has publicly demanded the Bill's rejection, while the President has privately urged its passage. Accordingly, Senator Moses, who has been put in charge of the 1930 Senate campaign for the Republicans, has announced that the issues will be "the constructive policies of the Hoover Administration—the tariff and farm relief." Senator Moses is renowned for his biting sarcasm.

Mrs. Coolidge is now among those present in the current magazines. The White House provides an excellent opening for a free-lance writer . . . Mabel Willebrandt has finished syndicating Prohibition. Her conclusion is that the Immaculate Amendment can be enforced if the officials try to enforce it and the people want it enforced. It is thought that on reading this, Mr. Gus Nations of St. Louis, who considered himself libeled by one of her articles on bootlegging, may decide to withdraw his suit for a million dollars damages . . . Lieutenant Al Williams abandoned the attempt to get our "mystery" entry for the Schneider Cup Race—the sea-plane "Mercury"—to rise above the waters of the Chesapeake. The mystery is how anything so named could fail to go up in a typical Washington summer.

—J. F.

## The Elevator

Going down! All aboard for the fifteenth floor and points below.

Well, it may be nice weather, but what's that to me? I'm just a bird in a gilded cage. I may be down but I never get out.

That smell of whiskey? Nice, isn't it? A salesman dropped his brief case in the car and smashed every bottle of his sales talk.

You're quite right Mr. Jones. Some people are so dumb they're the life of the party.

Wrong floor? Excuse it, please.

Yes, sir, Mr. Bumpus is out, as usual. He's been made an executive lately, and you'll find him in his office every rainy day.

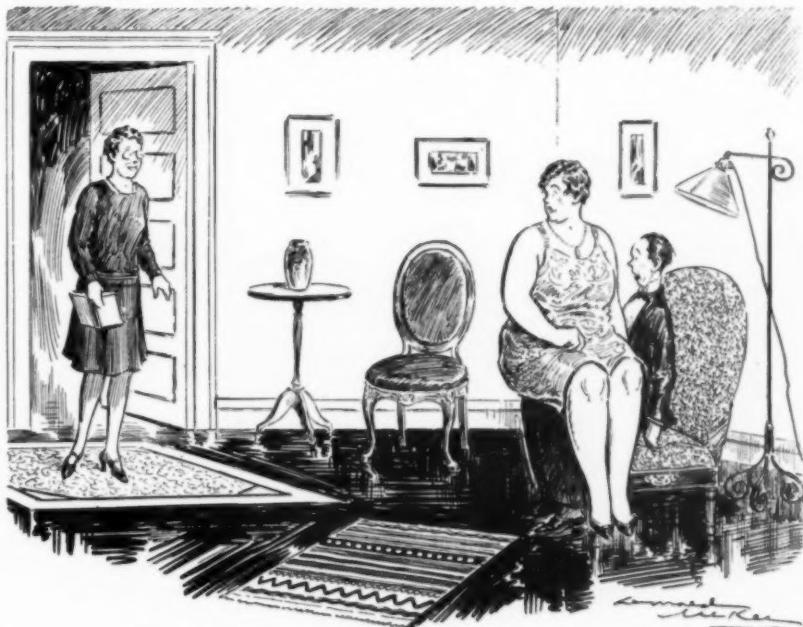
Time may be money to some folks, but to him it's only golf-balls.

Well, golfers are people—only louder and funnier.

You mean the superintendent, Miss. Never call a spade a spade or a janitor a janitor.

All out, please. No parking in this car!

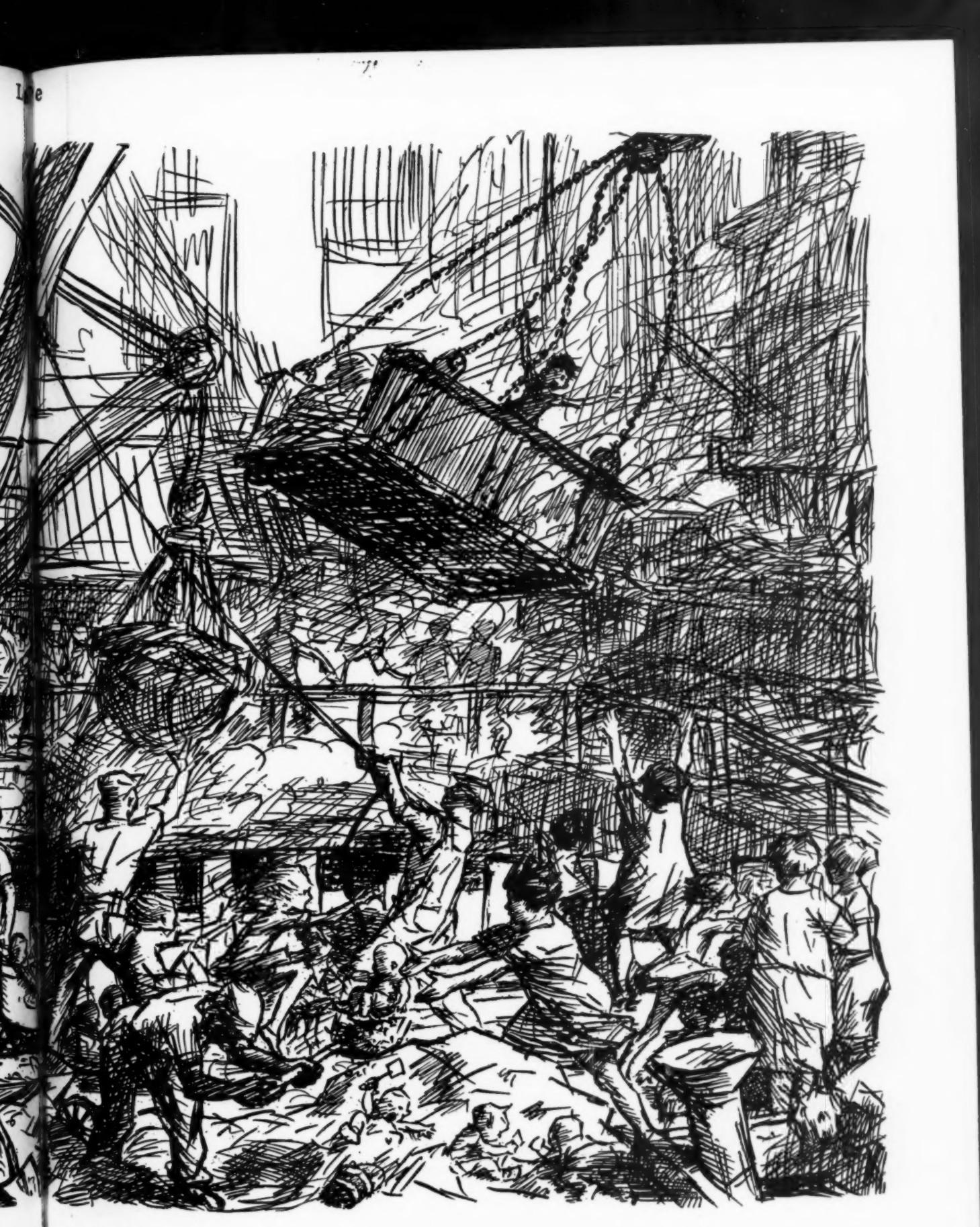
—W. W. Scott.



"Why, Alicia, I thought you had a caller tonight!"



Building subways to take care of the i



take of the increasing population.

# New York Life



## If I Were Mayor

I WOULD fire Grover Whalen . . . I would stop the present crime wave or resign . . . I would stop graft in the police department . . . I would make it unnecessary to carry money in armored cars.

I would dismiss from the service any cop that sassed a citizen . . . I would allow motorists to park any place they pleased and as long as they pleased . . . I would clear the streets of hoodlums that bleed motorists during theatre time . . . I would allow right hand turns at all times . . . I would make the speed limit on *Riverside Drive* and all other open highways thirty-five miles an hour.

I would tear down all elevated tracks and eliminate all street cars in spite of the traction companies . . . I would make the *New York Central*

finish that *Riverside Drive* highway pretty darn quick . . . I would have "Civic Virtue" destroyed, also the lions

I would inaugurate a civil service department of chemistry and have all liquor in speakeasies tested before allowing it to be sold . . . I would force each speakeasy to live up to the *Pure Food law* . . . I would stop my policemen going through the silly routine of raids and I would make them leave the speakeasies alone . . . I would have all the "Keep Off The Grass" signs removed from *Central Park* . . . I would take over the *Central Park Casino* and have it run by the city without profit.



in front of the library . . . I would make *Fifth Avenue* busses stay in line.

I would run every gyp taxi out of town and every ticket scalper . . . I would fine all theatres found selling seats outside of their box-offices and all movie houses that allowed customers to stand in line when there were no seats inside.

I would force all firms to close all day Saturday and all department stores to close at four o'clock to save traffic congestion.

I would abolish all tabloid newspapers and comic strips . . . I would see to it personally that theatrical producers put on clean shows and I would make it hot for *Earl Carroll* . . . I would make all stores that advertised "Closing Out" sales really close.

I would close up half the joints in *Harlem* and the gyp dives around *Times Square* . . . I would fine any night club for charging over fifty cents a bottle for ginger ale or white rock but I would let them stay open as long as they liked . . . I would make the beer places on 86th street serve good beer . . . I would clean out *Greenwich Village* and give it a good airing.

I would make it as uncomfortable as possible for John S. Sumner and John Roach Stratton . . . I would tell William Randolph Hearst where to get off . . . I would force heavy weight fighters to fight at least once every two months . . . I would clean the newsstands of all "art" magazines . . . I would force all trucks to





make deliveries during the night . . . I would fine noisy milkmen . . . I would enforce the soft coal law.

I would stop making speeches and I wouldn't allow radio broadcasts of political dinners . . . I would make saxophone playing a misdemeanor . . . I would run Rudy Vallee out of town.

I would instruct my policemen to keep prohibition agents away from incoming and outgoing steamers.

I would fire all policemen who gave out summons for silly reasons and the first one would be A. Schuber who handed me a ticket just because he happened to be feeling disagreeable . . . I would dynamite the old Post Office building . . . I would close the Algonquin as unsanitary . . . I would make the Para-

mount theatre redecorate from basement to attic . . . I would allow motorists arrested for speeding to pay their fines on the spot . . . I would prohibit Dancing Marathons, Set-up Prizefights, and Advertising Aeroplanes . . . I would make the height limit for doormen five feet.

I would prohibit theatregoers leaving their seats between the acts . . . I would force night clubs and restaurants to fire their cigarette girls.

I would do something immediately about Sunday traffic congestion . . . I would do all these things and I probably wouldn't be re-elected!



ing which is slowly edging heavenward . . . a marvelous drink if you can get it—Champagne and Stout—it's called "velvet" and is.

### Manna-About-Town

*Bobbe Arnst* at the Casanova . . . the special editions (*Boccacio*, *Balzac*, etc.) that you can get at most of the Broadway drug stores at half price . . . the *Fifty Fifth street Theatre* which advertises VERY SILENT MOVIES . . . the boys that have been going around with no coats and bright suspenders on the Great White Way.

*Knickerbocker Jr.*



# Theatre · by O. O. McIntyre



**G**ETTING Even" fulfilled its title. It more than got even with any sucker who paid as much as a nickel to see it. For a playwright to have what was intended as a serious effort laughed off the stage is plenty tough so I won't add to his misery by blabbing his name.

Anyway, I had two seats on the aisle free and lots of laughs to boot. Shortly after the rise of the curtain a gentleman a few seats away began mumbling to himself, told his lady friend where she could go, let loose a burst of blasphemy and toppled over in the aisle like a pretzel—dead to the world.

It was such a goofy play most of us thought his performance was part of the stage doings until he was carried out feet up and rushed to the alcoholic fit department at Bellevue.

"Getting Even" was in four parts and 34 scenes and was a quixotic effort to prove the stage by quick shifts could provide the illusion of the movies. Many of the scenes were suggested by merely flipping off the lights for a few seconds.

The chopped off conversation was in the staccato tempo of cinema captions. For example:

He: "Walk?"  
She: "No."  
He: "Why?"  
She: "Danger."

That might be all right for a couple of scenes but along about the twenty-seventh I went out with Tommy Millard for a breath of air and found myself walking in the quick, jerky

manner of a mechanical doll and talking like a ventriloquist's dummy. I was fit to be tied.

The play, if that is what it was, concerned a poor working girl as portrayed by Miss Georgia Clarke. She was the spindly legged tenement type the yellow journal cartoonists picture as picking bits of dainties out of garbage pails and was constantly moaning: "Make off with myself, I will." After about an hour of her skip-stop monosyllabic drivel almost anyone present would have been happy to abet her in the "making off."

The poor, wizened child was taken

not been aired since mid-afternoon. I don't know what happened after that but if it ran to form I imagine somebody began selling the Kickapoo Indian salve.

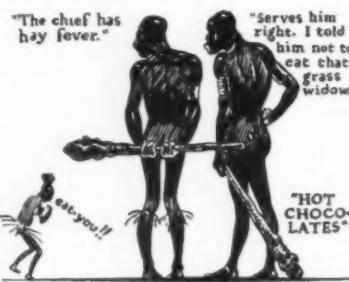
One might think that seeing "Getting Even" was enough punishment for one week but the brave drama defenders had to sit through another nightmare called "A Noble Rogue" down in Greenwich Village. This was described as a musical-melodrama and showed not the slightest evidence of either. It was the veriest amateur twaddle.

I spent most of my time pitying a Tuxedoed sap in the front row who sent his lady companion a beautiful brace of orchids and had squired her to what he supposed was the first night of a play.

I know how he felt. I once dolled all up in what Indianapolis still calls "a full dress suit" to attend a dinner at an address which turned out to be a fried cat-fish stand in a gas house district.

If the last few efforts of the drama experimentalists in Greenwich Village presage its artistic future, it had better scoot back to painting ash trays and fashioning lamp shades. Or else get ready to take a few out-moded eggs smack on the chin.

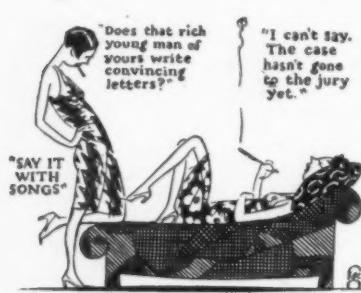
There has been some fear that the talkies will ring down the curtain for the legitimate theatre. We suggest that, instead of lamenting this possibility, a few producers get busy and give us a few plays worth listening to.



on as a housemaid by a philosophic husband and his invalid wife. They were constantly sweeping stiffly into the kitchen in their brocaded dressing gowns to cheer up the little waif with a few Utopian epigrams and higher life tracts.

They made their half a hundred or so entrances in the solemn wraith-like manner of professional pall bearers and after a time each entrance resulted in the entire audience rocking in unrestrained hysterics. The poor players would have to halt in their most serious lines while the spectators gained a semblance of composure. I have never seen a first-night crowd so completely convulsed. Even Percy Hammond held his sides.

The drudge falls in love with the philosopher and the invalid wife dies. This was about the thirtieth scene and I suddenly remembered the dog had



# Movies • by Harry Evans



## "The Last of Mrs. Cheney"

THE *Last of Mrs. Cheney*" left this department with a feeling of national pride surging in its breast. For an hour and a half we listened to Norma Shearer exchange King's English with a bunch of British actors, and at the end of the struggle she was leading the field by three broad *A's* and a couple of *Oh-I-say's*. If more of our American cinema stars can be taught to speak the English language as fluently as does Norma the talkie industry may yet be made safe for democracy.

Not that we resent the presence of English actors in our movies—particularly not in this one. Without the suave love-making of Basil Rathbone and the delightful comedy of Herbert Bunston and Cyril Chadwick, "The Last of Mrs. Cheney" would not be the fine entertainment it is—but at the same time, it is nice to know that the home team does not suffer by comparison.

Due to the intelligent directing of Sidney Franklin, the screen version of this well-known crook story by Frederick Lonsdale should be as popular as was the play several years ago. The scintillating dialogue has lost none of its brilliance through adaptation for the screen, and the humor and sparkle of the lines will keep you continually amused.

After listening to such ready repartee one naturally asks oneself if there are people anywhere who carry on such smart conversations. We think not. The only thing we ever heard in real life that could compare with the Lonsdale dialogue in point of speed, aptitude and description was a conversation during a traffic jam

between a New York policeman and a Ziegfeld chorus girl.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheney" is a swell movie, and Norma Shearer is splendid. Wait till you hear her crack back at those British smarties. When you go take the children . . . and let them carry their American flags.

## "Fast Life"

It is not nice to remind First National Vitaphone of its past sins, but when a company puts out two in a row like "The Squall" and "Fast Life" it is only natural that people will begin to wonder whether or not the company is doing its best. As indicated by the title, this last atrocity attempts to explain something or other about jazz-mad youth, but the producers are so vague on the moral point at issue that the younger generation arises triumphant from the mêlée with thumb to nose and remains as much a mystery as it ever was.

In the very first scene we are given an intimate glimpse of one of those wild parties that are supposed to arouse the worst instincts in budding youth and result in all sorts of plain and

fancy iniquity. Oddly enough, however, the only boy on the party who appears to be cold sober and an all-round gent is the one who turns out to be the murderer. Chester Morris plays this part and does pretty well until his confessional scene, but after that spell of emoting it is doubtful if he will ever get his features back into shape again.

One scene between Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Loretta Young led us to believe that at last the movies had caught the younger generation red-handed. Attired in pajamas and nightie they play around for ten or fifteen minutes and engage in a show of affection that is positively alarming. One of the cute things Miss Young does during this séance is to jump in bed, curl up like a kitten and exclaim, "I want a drink of water!" After all this business movie patrons will be relieved (or disappointed) when the news finally leaks out that Doug and Loretta have been secretly married.

When the shooting takes place, the doctor is called in and during the examination of the body he speaks one of the classic lines of the piece. "Ah!" says he, after feeling the pulse.

"Just another flame of youth snuffed out!" And then there is the memorable remark of the governor of the state. When Douglas is falsely convicted for the murder, his wife and father go to the chief executive to beg for leniency. After listening to their stupid speeches the governor says, "I am sure this has been a terrible ordeal for all of us" . . . and the chorus of "amens" that arose from the audience bespoke the opinion of this reviewer.

Very bad.



"Don't worry, Mrs. Peebles, he can't fall off again  
—I stuck my chewin' gum on the saddle."

# Confidential Guide



## Drama

- GAMBLING.** *Fulton*—To be reviewed.  
**GETTING EVEN.** *Biltmore*—Reviewed in this issue.  
 ★**JOURNEY'S END.** *Henry Miller's*. \$4.40—Marvelous acting in an English dugout near No Man's Land. See it.  
 ★**STREET SCENE.** *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—The winner of the Pulitzer prize—and deservedly.

## Comedy

- ★**BIRD IN HAND.** *Ethel Barrymore*. \$3.85—Drinkwater comedy in a countryside tavern.  
 ★**IT'S A WISE CHILD.** *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—This good one should pay back some of the shekels Mr. Belasco lost on Mima.  
 ★**LET US BE GAY.** *Little*. \$4.40—Francine Larrimore was never better or more sophisticated.  
*MY GIRL FRIDAY.* *Republic*—A salty effort at comedy.  
 ★**THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE.** *Guild*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Miriam Hopkins has a few—and only a few—moments.

## Eye and Ear

- ANDERSON'S ALMANAC.** *Erlanger*—Jimmy Savo, former burlesque comedian, joins the immortals. Snappy and unusual.  
 ★**A NIGHT IN VENICE.** *Shubert*. \$5.50—The Hon. Ted Healey in jovial horseplay.  
 ★**FOLLOW THRU.** *Chanin's Forty-sixth Street*. \$5.50—Even golf atheists adore it.  
 ★**HOLD EVERYTHING.** *Broadhurst*. \$5.50—A musical hit with a prize fight theme.

**HOT CHOCOLATES.** *Hudson*—Fast steppers from Harlem.

- ★**SHOW GIRL.** *Ziegfeld*. \$6.60—Not Ziggy's best, but well up in the list of hits.  
**SKETCH BOOK.** *Earl Carroll*—Cleaned up it is much better.  
 ★**THE LITTLE SHOW.** *Music Box*. \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—In which Clifton Webb proves he is something more than a ballroom dancer with a smirk.  
 ★**THE NEW MOON.** *Imperial*. \$5.50—The romantic operetta that introduced the song, "Lover Come Back To Me"—and it is still knocking them over.  
 ★**WHOOPEE.** *New Amsterdam*. \$6.60—Edward Cantor, Esq., in a Ziegfeld glorification.

## Movies

- THE LAST OF MRS. CHENEY.** (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Reviewed in this issue.  
**FAST LIFE.** (TALKIE) *First National Vitaphone*—Reviewed in this issue.  
**THE HOLLYWOOD REVUE.** (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—All the M. G. M. stars doing their parlor tricks. The best musical talkie.  
**THE COCK EYED WORLD.** (TALKIE) *Fox*—It could have been just as funny without the dirt.  
**STREET GIRL.** (TALKIE) *R. K. O.*—Light but entertaining song-dance-love picture. Good fun by Jack Oakie.  
**SAY IT WITH SONGS.** (TALKIE) *Warner Brothers*—Jolson's latest and not in the same class with his former ones.  
**HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY.** (SILENT) *Ufa*—One of the few meritorious foreign born films.  
**THE SINGLE STANDARD.** (SILENT) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Greta Garbo still going over big without the aid of the human voice.  
**DANGEROUS CURVES.** (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Clara Bow's love for the tight-wire walker brings him back to the straight and narrow and gets him steady work.

\*See paragraphs below.

## Life's Ticket Service

### HOW LIFE READERS CAN GET GOOD ORCHESTRA SEATS AT BOX-OFFICE PRICES

\*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

If you are going to be in New York, Life's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions above indicated by stars and at prices noted.

All orders for tickets must reach Life Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET-SCALERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to send two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case Life's quota of seats

MADAM X. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Number 1 among the talkies. Ruth Chatterton.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND. (TALKIE) *Samuel Goldwyn*—Number 1-A. Ronald Colman.

CHARMING SINNERS. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Ruth Chatterton offers a slick lesson to wives with skidding husbands.

THUNDERBOLT. (TALKIE) *United Artists*—George Bancroft having more fun with the other criminals in a death-house. Unusual entertainment.

LUCKY STAR. (TALKING SEQUENCES) *Fox*—The first half is delightful—then Janet Gaynor and Charley Farrell start talking.

FOUR FEATHERS. (SILENT) *Paramount*—Worth while for the remarkable animal photography by Marian Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack. Richard Arlen is also good.

## Roof Gardens

\***DRESSY.** *C Cover Charge. H Head Waiter.* St. Regis, 5th Ave. at 55th. Grand place. \*C.\$1.50. H.Eugene.

**CASANOVA.** 134 W. 52nd. Good crowd but not much of a roof. C.\$3.00.

**ASTOR ROOF.** B'way and 45th. Fair. C.\$1.00. H.Groiss.

**RITZ CARLTON.** Madison at 46th. Open only until 11:30. \*C.\$1.00. H.Theodor.

**PARK CENTRAL.** 7th Ave. at 56th. Nice place. C.\$1.50-\$2.50. H.Williams.

**ALAMAC.** Broadway at 71st. Fair. C.\$1.00-\$2.00. H.Berrier.

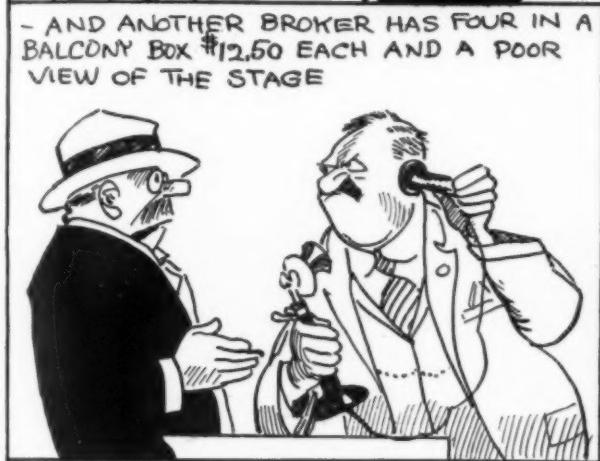
**BOSPERT.** Montague and Remsen St., Brooklyn. Worth the trip. C.\$1.00-\$2.00. H.Nicholas.

**PENNSYLVANIA.** 7th Ave. at 33rd. Hotel crowd. C.\$1.00.

**McALPIN.** B'way at 34th. Ditto. C.\$1.00. (Continued on Page 32)

PURCHASE ORDER WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 29

# Ain't That a Grand and Glorious Service?



**LIFE'S Ticket Service**  
598 Madison Ave., New York City

## PURCHASE ORDER

(Name of show)

(No. seats)

(Date)

(Alternates)

Name

Address

Check for \$..... enclosed



### The Letters Of A Modern Father

My Dear Son:

Your telegram saying you had a chance to pick up seats for me and your mother at the best football games this coming season did not seem to warrant a reply by wire. I knew you wouldn't be taking them up with your own money; and I knew a letter would reach you in New York soon enough for you to get them for yourself with the enclosed check.

You children ought to know by this time that you can't fox me with these outbursts of deep concern for my interests. What made you suppose that a graduate of the Elm City Business College, class of '99, would be a prospect for university box seats on the correct side of the field?

Of course, I've got the rakish touring car to drive to these games in; and gin enough for my end of the hotel corridor. But I am too old and have been in the brick business too long to start standing bareheaded in the rain to sing the anthem of some college I never even saw. I'm begin-

ning to prefer the quieter manifestations of such liquor as I can get.

What you meant was that you wanted to cover your own needs for seven consecutive Saturdays. Why didn't you say so?

Your wire ended by asking about the brick business. You knew without asking, for your message came collect.

Your Affectionate Father,  
—McCready Huston.

Installment buying is wonderfully simple, and so are the people who do it.





# The highest expression of a lasting loyalty

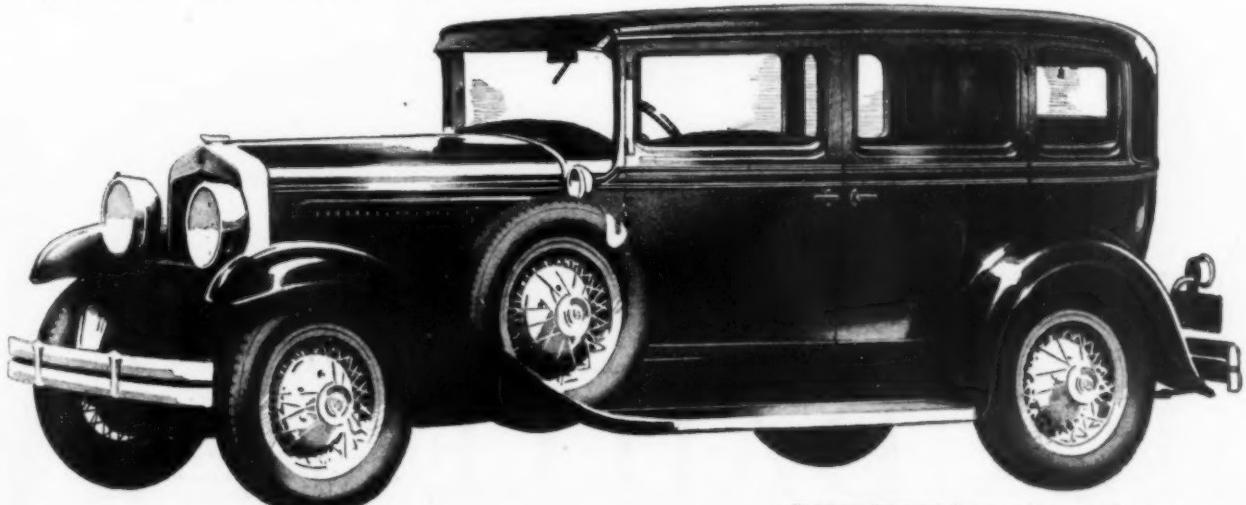


"ONCE a Dodge owner, always a Dodge owner" is literally true in a large percentage of cases. Obviously an organization that builds and holds such loyalty can be satisfied only with the highest possible standards. It is the boast of Dodge Brothers that they have been as loyal to their patrons as their patrons have been to them. The highest expression of this attitude is found in the Dodge Brothers Senior. Refreshingly modern and thoroughly complete—big, powerful, luxurious and handsome. Typical of the advanced character of the entire car is the four-speed transmission, affording a delightful new range of speed, acceleration and flexibility, with a sense of effortless ease.

#### *Convenient Terms*

## DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

 CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



DODGE SENIOR SEDAN (*wire wheels extra*)

# June in on COMFORT



Set the single dial to the point of greatest comfort—and the "carburetor precision" of the Houdaille needle valve does the rest. That's how easy it is to adjust Houdaille Shock Absorbers to the exact requirements of your car—for the weight you carry and for just the amount of spring control that pleases you.

Get Houdaille Shock Absorbers for your car NOW and you will see that they are provided on the next new car you buy. They are standard equipment on Lincoln, Pierce-Arrow, Jordan, Ford, Stearns-Knight, Nash Advanced Six, Chrysler Imperial, Studebaker President, Graham-Paige and many European cars.

Houde Engineering Corporation, Buffalo, N. Y.

DIVISION OF  
**HOUDAILLE-HERSHEY CORPORATION**

Some of the mechanical features which have made Houdaille hydraulic double acting shock absorbers *the world's standard of comparison* are . . .

1. The double or balanced piston which reduces wear to a minimum by balancing the working pressure on both sides of the shaft, thus eliminating one-sided thrust.
2. The large capacity reservoir which holds a reserve supply of fluid and makes it unnecessary to pack the instrument against high working pressure.
3. The patented air vents and replenishing valve which allow for the escape of air and gases and make the instrument truly *hydraulic*.
4. The easy adjustment for accurately adapting their resistance to your individual car.

# **HOUDAILLE**

*Hydraulic*  
Double-Acting SHOCK ABSORBERS

## **Confidential Guide**

(Continued from Page 28)

### Dance Numbers

(Sheet Music)

- "Low Down Rhythm" (No Show)
- "Sweetness" (No Show)
- "Got A Feelin' For You" (No Show)
- "Hang On To Me" (No Show)
- "Do What You Do" (Show Girl)
- "Liza" (Show Girl)

### Records

DO WHAT YOU DO

LIZA . . . . .

Two hits from "Show Girl." (Columbia)

JUST ANOTHER KISS

IF WE SHOULD NEVER MEET AGAIN . . . . .

George Olsen playing two good waltzes.  
Vocal refrains. (Victor)

FLOPPY FLOP . . . . .

Fast and Hot, Swell number.

WHOOPEE HAT BRIGADE . . . . .

'S Grand. (Columbia)

SWEETNESS . . . . .

A peach of a tune.

THE MOONLIGHT MARCH . . . . .

Sentiment in march time. (Columbia)



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# The new PHILCO RADIO is singing its way into thousands of homes

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE who, only a few months ago, were quite proud of their radios, now are replacing them with Balanced-Unit Philcos.

Why? . . . Because the new Philco makes worthy radios of the past seem inadequate. It is several leaps ahead of any set to which you have ever listened. It is the finest radio the world has yet known, or is likely to know for a long time to come.

Dealers, with their expert knowledge of radio, quickly recognized this superiority. At the National Radio Dealers' Convention in Chicago, each manufacturer exhibited his new models; dealers inspected them all; dealers listened to them all, then flooded the Philco booth with orders.

Today, on a much larger scale, the events of the Chicago Radio Convention are being repeated in every city of the country.

And the reason is this: Philco's true, clear, wonderfully rich tone—even if there were not a single additional feature—would sell thousands of sets daily.



When Jessica Dragonette, famous radio star of the Philco Hour, sings, her glorious voice goes over the air without blur or distortion. If the tone is muffled or blurred when you hear it, that is due to lack of unit balance in the receiving set. By extraordinary engineering, Philco has attained a precise electrical balance that results in reception of revolutionary clearness, richness, fullness.

## "... AND THEN HE GOT A PHILCO"



PHILCO BALANCED-UNIT LOWBOY

NEUTRODYNE-PLUS SCREEN GRID

\$129<sup>50</sup>

\$119<sup>50</sup>

Other models ranging from \$67.00 to \$205.00.

Tubes extra. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West. EVERY Philco model, regardless of price, uses a GENUINE Electro-Dynamic Speaker and TWO of the new extra powered 245 tubes, push-pull.

But the new Philco has many other features. Selectivity, for example, so sharp that it comes sweeping station after station which the ordinary set cannot pick up. Distance ability that reaches out for programs thousands of miles away. Cabinets created by the two leading furniture designers in America, built of costly and handsome woods—butt walnut, Oriental walnut, bird's-eye maple, arbor vitae burl—and in the case of the high-

boys, fitted with genuine tapestry over the speaker.

Hear it today on free demonstration. Your nearest Philco dealer will gladly arrange easy terms, if you decide to buy . . . Tune in the Philco Hour every Friday night, 9:30 Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

## PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Makers also of the famous Philco Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.

## ALL-ELECTRIC

**PHILCO**

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

## EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When your wife says . . . "Giving the cook notice is a man's job" . . .  
be nonchalant . . . LIGHT A MURAD.



"But John, why shouldn't I appear in the Pageant like this?"

"Why Woman, it would be suicide! The instant you came on, the entire audience would race right home for their Flit."

—Adt.

## LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

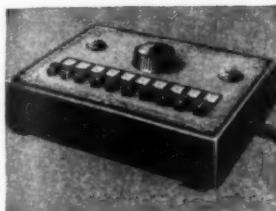
LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-two years. In that time it has expended \$476,000.00 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 52,000 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

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(Continued on Page 36)



*Kolster's amazing device for  
remote control*



... "a press of the button—and he started the radio 2 rooms away!"

"I tell you it was uncanny! We were sitting on the sun porch and the Kolster Radio was 2 rooms away! 'Shall we have some music?' I suggested. 'Surely,' answered Mr. Jackson. But instead of walking 'way into the library—he turned to an interesting device on the table beside him—and pressed a button! 'What program do you want?' 'Let's hear the Kolster Hour,' replied my wife. Jackson pressed another button—and the miracle happened! In a flash, the haunting melody of a Beethoven Sonata came through the air! Why, it was the most amazing thing I've ever seen!"

**REMOTE CONTROL**—developed by Kolster and featured in the new K-45—is the greatest improvement in modern radio!

It permits you to start the radio from a remote point in the house—choose any one of your favorite stations—and make the volume louder or softer as you please!

See this remarkable device at your dealer's. Enjoy the Kolster Program every Wednesday Evening at 10 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over the nation-wide Columbia Chain.



**K-45** Richly grained walnut cabinet—unique and exquisite in appearance. Remote control. Electrical tuning. Nine tubes and two rectifiers. Screen grid R. F. tubes. Equipoised dynamic reproducer. Three stages of audio . . . second and third stages push-pull, using type 327 tubes and type 350. Price, less tubes **\$500**  
Prices slightly higher west of Rockies

# KOLSTER RADIO

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# ...Winter's gay playground...



*"First Nights" In The Moving Picture Capital*

FAMOUS STARS of the movies...gorgeous gowns...crowds...lights...sumptuous productions. Not only are the moving pictures of the world made in Hollywood and other parts of Los Angeles, but they are shown here in new and interesting ways. Then too, you'll like the previews, of movies not yet ready for "release." You will be asked to express your opinion.

Come early this year for your winter vacation in Southern California. The widest range of sport and entertainment awaits your pleasure. Enchanting scenery...of mountain...desert...sea...the lure of old Spain in the Missions built when California was Spanish territory...Dinner dances with movie stars among the guests...Opera...symphonies...plays...musical comedies...More than 60 evergreen golf courses to test your skill...bridle paths climbing the mountains, winding through canyons...polo matches...tennis courts...out-door life...all winter long.

Los Angeles, Hollywood and charming suburban cities are full of interest. Los Angeles County's vast oil fields are a sight to be remembered. The County's agri-

cultural output approximates \$95,000,000 yearly. Hotels...theaters...shops...cafes...are at hand to meet your every wish.

Plan to come now and remain until spring. Run away from "all winter" colds. Mail the coupon while you think of it for the de luxe book "Southern California through the Camera." It contains 71 large photographs in gravure.

## Southern California

A TRIP ABROAD IN YOUR OWN AMERICA

All-Year Club of Southern California, Sec. M-9  
1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me your free book "Southern California through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

- Los Angeles       Orange       Riverside  
 Los Angeles Sports       Santa Barbara       Ventura  
 San Bernardino       San Diego

Name \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME

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(Continued from Page 34)

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Mrs. D. C. Armstrong, Rutherford, N. J. ....	5.00
Mrs. E. L. Ferdon, Omak, Washington .....	15.00
Total .....	\$36,018.15



LADY DRIVER: Tell me, George, quick! Which is the right side of the road to keep when you're running down a hill backwards like this?

—Punch (by permission)

A scientist says that reindeer developed horns to save their heads from bumps. This rather shakes the theory that reindeer developed horns to make hatstands.

—London Opinion.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

MUSSOLINI (to his caddie): Take away that bunker!

—Punch.

### The Salesman

The supersalesman is a guy  
With glittering, hypnotic eye,  
Who comes when you are feeling sour  
And calls upon you by the hour.  
If you pretend you're glad you've met,  
it

Is ten to one that you'll regret it,  
While if you're mean and lay him flat  
You'll probably repent of that.  
He finds you down to one thin dime  
And takes ten dollars' worth of time  
To tell you what a fool you'll be  
If you don't buy immediately.  
No argument that you may raise  
Can stop the tune the salesman plays,  
Your alibis he deems a bore,  
Because he's heard them all before.

\* \* \*

His sales talk is a lethal knife,  
He gets your order or your life,  
He leaves you pale and weak and  
gaunt  
And sells you something you don't  
want,  
Then, having made his local quota,  
He takes the train for North Dakota  
(Using your money for his fare)  
And makes another quota there!  
—Stoddard King in the  
Spokane Spokesman-Review.



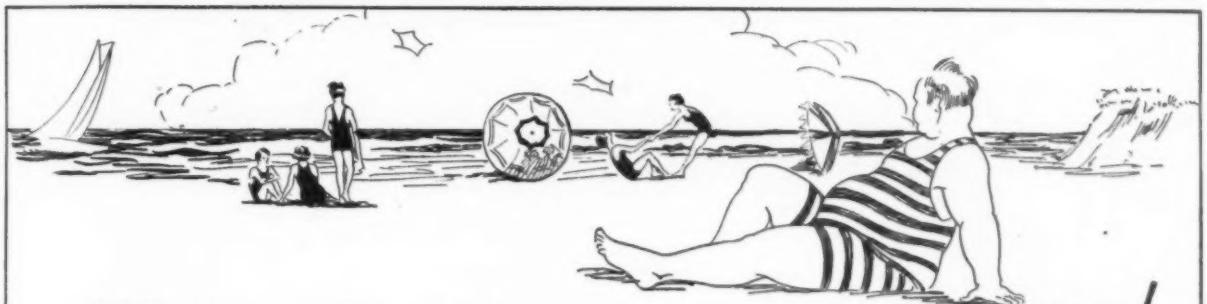
The Original Rumble Seat.  
—Toronto Goblin.

It is pointed out that there is a New York on the western shores of Loch Awe in Scotland. However it is not likely to be muddled with the American one because the architecture is quite different.

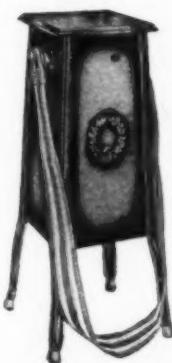
—Punch.

HER BEST FRIEND (*sweetly*): What, another Paris gown, my dear? How clever you are with your needle!

—Tit-Bits.



## What are the wild waves saying?—REDUCE!



You can't kid yourself in a bathing suit—but other people can. The truth is only too obvious! But, after all, it's quite unnecessary to look like an aspirant for circus honors—here's an easy, pleasant and inexpensive reducing method—the Tower Exerciser and Reducer. The new Console model, complete for \$59.50. Adjustable stroke, variable speed. Compact, quiet and efficient. The Reducer you've wanted—at a sensational low price.

See your nearest dealer for a demonstration.

**Tower**  
EXERCISER  
and REDUCER

\$59.50  
Complete

\*Denver and West \$64.50.  
110 volt 50-60 cycle only.  
Other 110 V. motors  
\$5 extra.

Variable speed—Adjustable stroke

On sale by leading stores everywhere.  
Write for interesting booklet.

TOWER MFG. CORP.  
114 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.



Tower Sunshine Arc  
brings all the benefits  
of pure sunshine at the  
snap of a switch! \$39.50,  
complete. Pedestal or  
table model. Denver and  
West \$42.50

**Rexall**

**KLENZO**  
**KEEPS**  
**THE**  
**TEETH**  
**KLE-E-E-N**



Here's the ideal combination: Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic for a sweet, healthy mouth. Klenzo Tooth Paste for clean, white teeth. Klenzo Tooth Brushes, in 19 styles, with bristles gripped fast. Klenzo products are sold only at Rexall Stores. Save with safety at your

**Rexall**  
**DRUG STORE**

There is one near you. You will recognize it by this sign. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores.

## Protest Against Conversational Birdmen

The worst thing about this aviation craze is that it has led a lot of people to take their first airplane rides. And how they talk about it! The duration of their orations seems to vary in inverse proportion to the length of their hops; the man or woman who makes a thousand-mile flight may talk about it steadily for only an hour or so, but your \$5.00, fifteen minute birdman will gasp out word pictures of his experience from dewy dawn 'till midnight, if not turned off by force.

I met such a one the other day.

"Have you ever been up?" he demanded, and then, without waiting for a reply, launched into his narrative. "Well, sir, I had a ride in an airplane down at Baltimore the other day, and I want to tell you there's nothing on earth like it—flying, I mean." He traced in complete detail the arrangements he had made before taking the ride, and repeated *in extenso* the endless arguments with which he had overcome his wife's objection. Then—"Well, sir, we got out to the field and here was this great big ship"—how quickly they pick up the jargon—"with three motors, yes, sir, one in front and one on each side, and a cabin that had as comfortable seats in it as you'd want to find anywhere—twelve of 'em! We shook hands with the pilot, an awfully young looking fellow—he said he knew Lindy—and then we got in through the door in the side of the—er—ah—oh, yes, fuselage, and I just wish I could tell you how I felt and what I thought when I got in there and knew that in a minute I'd be going up in the air!" At any rate, he tried for thirty-five minutes. "Well, sir, there we sat, and the pilot fiddled with some levers, and the motors! boy, you should have heard the noise they made! I thought sure . . ." And so on, ad nauseum.

You would think, to hear the intimate way in which these conversational birdmen discuss airplanes, aviators and the future of aviation, that they had made planes a life study, spending practically all of their waking hours behind a roaring motor, far above the clouds. You meet these people every day. After you've heard one "first flight" story, you've heard them all, but you hear it all over again just the same.

It's perfectly disgusting when they go on and on like that without cessation until bedtime, particularly when you have a "first flight" story of your own you're all agog to tell.

—John C. Emery.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 15)

Washington crossing the Delaware and put the butter on it.

AUGUST 22—Abed late, reading in a mystery story called "Hide in the Dark," in which all the guests worked so hard and talked so much to make a house party go that I was so worn out when I finished it that I did go back to sleep, awakening with the reflection that mayhap a professional sleuth who collects first editions and hums Schubert is preferable to a group of amateurs who mix themselves drinks and put logs on the fire whilst they goodnaturedly discuss which one of them might logically have murdered the friend whose corpse they have decorously wheeled into an adjacent room. An hour of tennis on the State Road, as Sam calls the new concrete court, and then to the launch for luncheon on the lake, where we did all sing in spite of the absence of moonlight, and somebody did strike up "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," a tune which was extremely profitable to me in my youth forasmuch as my mother did pay me not to sing it. Home betimes to the chaise-longue and P. G. Wodehouse's "Fish Preferred," ideal light reading, and then downstairs to chat with my cozen Lillian and gaze at her new baby, which does fascinate me, and which has such a developed clothes sense at the age of twenty-two days that it does violently protest against bonnets, which do conceal more of its beauty than they disclose.



JOE COLLEGE: And if worse comes to worse, we'll take a couple of nice girls.



# THE NEW BUICK

for that select circle of motorists who demand performance as well as prestige . . . value as well as luxury . . . and Buick character above all else.



WHAT a wealth of motoring advantages they receive—these men and women who are competing for new Buicks almost as enthusiastically as Buick competes for their favor. Performance unsurpassed and probably unequalled anywhere in the world—plus the prestige of owning the finest engineered motor car money can buy. Princely luxury in every detail of surpassingly beautiful Bodies by Fisher—plus the remarkable value of new prices many hundreds of dollars lower than any comparable car. They receive all this—together with the definite assurance of satisfaction resulting from Buick soundness and reliability. And so they buy from two to five times as many Buicks as any other fine car.



Buick Motor Company, Flint, Mich. + Division of General Motors Corporation  
Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars  
Canadian Factories, McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, THEY ARE BUILT BY BUICK.



# ANONYMOUS— but it changed her entire life

*Go back a few years in this New York woman's life.*

*Think of her, not as she is today, a beautiful woman, married to an adoring man, and playing the charming hostess in her great Park Avenue home, but as she was before that anonymous letter came with its horrible accusation.*

*True, she was lovely and charming then. But women avoided her. Men seldom called more than once. In the very years of her prime, she found herself hopelessly out of things—and utterly unable to account for it.*

*Then, one morning she received that bleak white envelope with its anonymous enclosure—a national advertisement across which was written in a bold masculine hand, "Wake up."*

*Amazed and humiliated, she read it again and again. Finally the shocking truth came home. That advertisement was true. It applied to her. It had applied to her for years. That hint, brutal as it was, put her on the right track.*

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—but it ought to be the first.

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth

may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

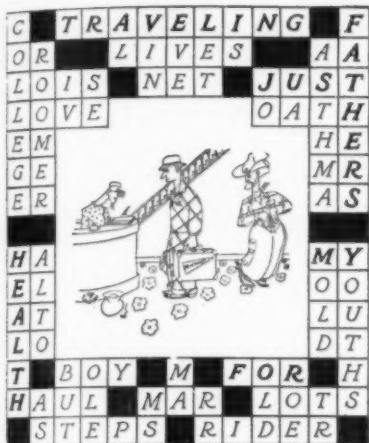
Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide★ which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Always keep Listerine handy. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

★ Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn *B. Typhosus* (typhoid) and *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

## LISTERINE

Prize Winners of LIFE'S  
Cross Word Picture  
Puzzle No. 1



CLERK: "What are you doing way out west?"  
"Just traveling for my father's health."

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

John H. Laughlin,  
1614 Harvard Road, N. E.,  
Atlanta, Ga.

"Upsetting doctor's theories,  
Please excuse the pun,  
Father's health grows better  
Without the radiant son."

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

James H. Kelly,  
Box 931,  
Newport News, Va.

*A father of a college boy hasn't  
enough money to travel for his own  
health!*

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

Dalnar Devening,  
1501 Eighth Avenue,  
San Francisco, Calif.

*To keep a college boy in gin  
Makes any father weak and thin.*

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

Fowler Hill,  
61 Poplar Street,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Ask any Yale man's father!*

SCQUIRE (*to oldest inhabitant*): So  
you are going to marry a third wife,  
John, I hear?

JOHN (*with satisfaction*): Yes, sir;  
an' if she should be taken afore me,  
I knows where I can get a fourth.

—Pearson's.

*what a whale of a difference  
just a few inches make*



**YES**  
*and what a whale of  
a difference just a  
few cents make*

A definite extra price  
for a definite extra  
tobacco-goodness

**fatima**  
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



## Keeps Hair Neat

*Rich-looking — Orderly*

If your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice . . . a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes and creams do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like . . . whether brushed lightly or combed down flat. If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

### Try It FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS CO.  
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio  
Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA,  
all charges paid.

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .  
In Canada address 462 Wellington St., West Toronto, 2-Ont.



## Guinea Pig's Father

(Continued from Page 13)

turning into the father; the father maddened with remorse as he saw too late that he had ruined his daughter's life; the penitent father, who thought of nothing except that he must protect his baby girl—Yes, Baldaquin was acquitted, though the jury was out eight hours before they could persuade a couple of the women.

Suzette went off to her grandmother's after the trial, and they sent Baldaquin home with me. I thought he needed cheering up.

"Well, old man," I said, "you did a good job. But you owe a good deal to Gaffney. If he hadn't explained what you felt about Suzette, better than you could have done it—"

"Suzette?" Her father laughed. "She doesn't matter—just an experiment that went wrong. But if she hadn't married Harry Smith—" He choked with fury.

"You hate him still, don't you?" I said.

"Hate him? Of course I hate him! He made my theories ridiculous!"

OLD GENTLEMAN (*bewildered at the elaborate wedding*): Are you the bridegroom?

YOUNG MAN: No, sir; I was eliminated in the semi-finals.

—Answers.

WIFE: There's one thing about my mother; she's outspoken.

HUSBAND: Not by anyone I know.

—Tit-Bits.

A Daily News reader who asks for the correct pronunciation of "Pall Mall" says he has heard three opinions expressed: "Pawl Mawl," "Pahl Mahl" and "Pell Mell." Many people pronounce it "Pall Mall."

—Punch.

A man was recently thrown out of bed by an earth tremor. I understand that he merely opened his eyes, said "I'll get up in five minutes, dear," and went to sleep again.

—Passing Show.

PHOTOGRAPHER: You must try to wear a pleasant expression, sir.

HUSBAND (*to wife*): All right. Mary, will you please leave me alone for a few minutes? —Answers.

"The man in the street simply doesn't care two straws what new songs are written," says a writer. "He knows that, whatever they are, they are almost bound to be an improvement."

—Humorist.



## Indian Summer is Cruisabout Time!

THE warm, breezy Indian Summer days are among the nicest of the year for Cruisabout enjoyment. These are the days when, as you cruise up narrow, winding, wooded streams, you can enjoy the myriad shades and tones of autumn color. Or, if you prefer open water, the Cruisabout will safely take you where wind-swept white-caps thrill even the saltiest sea dogs.

The Richardson Cruisabout is always ready to sail. Just throw aboard the food and duffle, load up with gasoline and oil and shove off to enjoy, to the utmost, Indian Summer's finest days.

Nearly 150 Cruisabouts have brought health and happiness to their owners. Only a few more can be delivered before the days of Indian Summer are memory.

Wire us to hold a Cruisabout for you or, at least, write for our free booklet "B" which illustrates and describes the Richardson Cruisabouts and which we shall be pleased to mail immediately upon receiving your letter.

RICHARDSON BOAT CO., INC.  
318 Sweeney Street, N. Tonawanda, N. Y.

## Richardson Cruisabouts

Displayed at 5th Ave., & 15th St., New York City

A skilled mechanic advertises himself as a car-doctor. It is to be hoped that he has a good roadside manner.

—Punch.

Cellarette, sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

It won't be long now before the children can smoke cigarettes in the parlor, but they'll have to hide under the house to eat candy.

—Tom Sims for Kay Features.

## FACTORY PRICES!

### 21 JEWEL—Thin Model **STUDEBAKER**

*The Insured Watch*

The only high-grade watch sold direct from factory!  
Let us send you one of these superb  
21-Jewel Studebaker Thin Model  
watches direct. No obligation.  
If you like it and believe our low  
factory prices save you money  
buy it. We make it in easy monthly  
payments or cash.

#### FREE—6-Color Book

To those who write immediately  
we will send a six-color style  
book showing complete line of  
Studebaker watches—all at factory  
prices. Write for it TODAY!

#### WRITE!

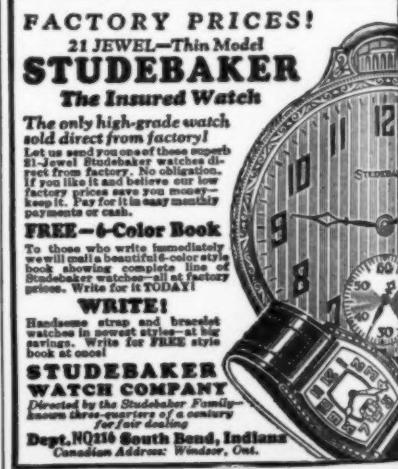
Handsome strap and bracelet  
watches in newest styles—at big  
savings. Write for FREE style  
book at once!

#### **STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY**

Directed by the Studebaker Family—  
known throughout the century  
for fair dealing.

Dept. NO. 116 South Bend, Indiana

Canadian Address: Windsor, Ont.



## Jumping at Conclusions

Note—When reading a story that breaks over to another page, include the "continued" line with the last line and see what you get. LIFE will pay five dollars for each one printed, but remember that other people read the same magazines you do and the first one in gets the five. Send them to the Conclusion Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York. Conclusions must be clipped from newspaper or magazine. None will be returned.

Eastern botanist has produced a six-inch prune. But it might have continued on inside page 1.

—*Los Angeles Record.*

That settled the matter. He did not ask advice from his friends, he did not read books on the subject, he did not turn to page 106. —*Screen Secrets.*

"I'd proved that many times over," said Hillman wearily. "I've stuck by you through a dozen shakedowns and you know it. I've nearly lost my job several times because of you. I've tried hard to be a friend to you. You've come out to my place so drunk you continued on page 90.

—*Opportunity Magazine.*

WASHINGTON, July 25.—Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson today is continued on page 2, col. 2.

—*Honolulu Advertiser.*

"Of course, I feel proud to be continued on page 15, column 5.

—*Philadelphia Evening Ledger.*

He was out when Miner retrieved the peg and tossed to O'Brien. Burke went to second on the play at the plate, moved up to third on a wild turn to page 17. —*Harrisburg Patriot.*

The poem referred to has twelve stanzas and begins: "I was continued on page 23." —*New York Times.*

The ship also took on 3,500 gallons of gasoline with which to turn to page 6, column 1. —*The Denver Post.*

The Tinkham amendment proposed to exclude from the count upon which reapportionment is based "inhabitants in each state being 21 years of age and continued on page 6, column 7. —*Atlanta Constitution.*

Miss Ruth Ward  
of Cedar Rapids

Miss Ward Writes:



FIRST PRIZE WINNER  
March, 1929  
Marlboro Contest  
for Distinguished Handwriting

*Marlboro—A Cigarette for Those  
Who Can afford to buy for the Best.*

Every Marlboro full,  
firm and round

*Mild as May*

**MARLBORO**

PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC., NEW YORK

"Some animals shed their coats regularly," says a naturalist. Yes, but they don't have to fight round a tiny cloakroom to ransom them back when the play is over. —*London Opinion*

MUCH-MARRIED FILM STAR: "Let me introduce my husband, Mr.—Mr. —er—(turning to husband): 'Don't stand there like a fool—what is your name?'" —*Passing Show.*

**WELCOME TO NEW YORK**

and the

HOTEL

**GOVERNOR CLINTON**

31st STREET & 7th AVENUE.....  
OPPOSITE PENNA. R.R. STATION

*A Preeminent Hotel of 1200 Rooms  
each having Bath, Servidor, Circulating Ice Water and many other innovations...featuring a sincere spirit of hospitality. E. G. KILL, General Manager*

**ROOM AND BATH \$3.00 UP**

## LIFE'S Cross Word Picture Puzzles

**\$100.00 IN PRIZES EVERY WEEK**

- 1st Prize \$50.00
- 2nd Prize \$25.00
- 3rd Prize \$15.00
- 4th Prize \$10.00

LIFE will run a new cross word picture puzzle each week. After you have solved the puzzle see if you can find the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle.

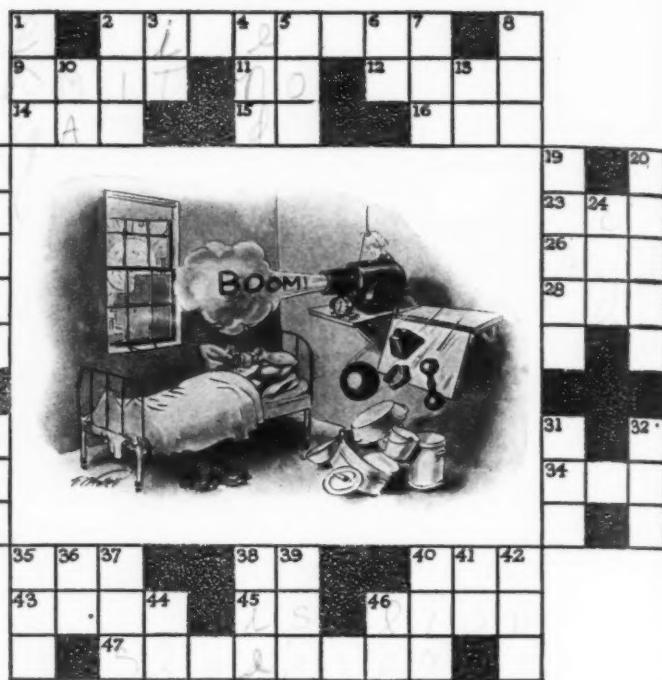
After you have solved the puzzle and gotten the correct title for the picture, give your explanation of the joke in not more than fifteen words.

The Editors of LIFE will be the judges and the prizes will be awarded to the persons giving the correct solution of the puzzle, the correct title for the picture, and the cleverest explanation of the joke. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. You may send in as many puzzles as you wish but none will be returned. The prize-winning solutions will be printed in subsequent issues. Send all puzzles to the Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York. This week's contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, September 27.

*Below is a Sample Puzzle.*



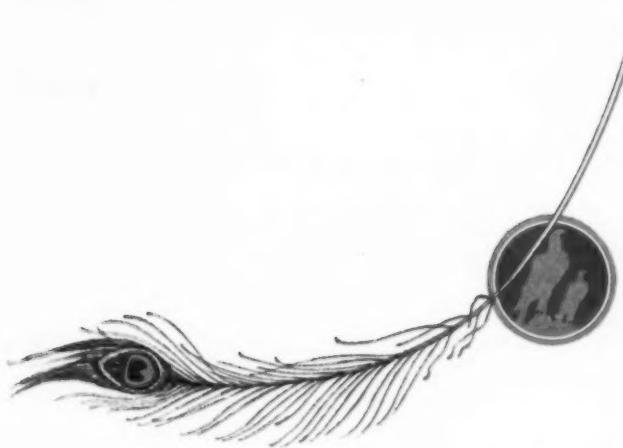
## Puzzle No. 5



*Winners of this puzzle will appear in the Oct. 18 issue.*

### ACROSS

- 2. Metropolitan woodpeckers.
  - 9. Leave it out.
  - 11. Nix.
  - 12. Otherwise.
  - 14. Time away from sweetie.
  - 15. To trim.
  - 16. What the girls have for Rudy Vallee.
  - 21. To give permission.
  - 23. Nickname.
  - 25. Pay dirt.
  - 26. Plus.
  - 27. You use your head for this.
  - 28. It's dangerous to see this.
  - 33. Something slippery.
  - 34. What you do when you open your eyes.
  - 35. The back-slapping game.
  - 38. Your old man.
  - 40. A long, long time.
  - 43. (—) Big Indian.
  - 45. Part of to be.
  - 46. Monster.
  - 47. What you are doing most of the time.
- DOWN**
- 1. You find yourself in this the morning after.
  - 2. Go on a tear.
  - 3. That enticing thing.
  - 4. This is the finish.
  - 5. Also.
  - 6. Note of the scale.
  - 7. Don't do anything on this.
  - 8. There's a point to this.
  - 10. Somebody's mother.
  - 13. Direction. (Abbr.)
  - 17. You get a sock with this.
  - 18. You take these to get going.
  - 19. Something false about this.
  - 20. Old pal o' mine.
  - 22. Historic Age.
  - 24. This is very singular.
  - 29. Favorite.
  - 30. To go back and forth.
  - 31. All burnt out.
  - 32. An old flame.
  - 35. Article.
  - 36. Awfully elegant. (Abbr.)
  - 37. This will burn you up.
  - 38. This ought to be pie for you.
  - 39. Cleopatra's last friend.
  - 40. Lay for this one.
  - 41. Either.
  - 42. Fresh.
  - 44. More than one (abbr.)
  - 46. On top.



You may not need a tire so extraordinarily fine. But if you do buy the Goodyear Double Eagle, you will know a new security and serenity of mind, however or wherever you drive. Accustomed troubles will pass you by. Delays or inconvenience due to tires will become a memory. And under anything like normal conditions the Double Eagle will last as long as you will keep your car.



**GOOD YEAR**  
*Double Eagle*

# The pause that refreshes



The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

EACH busy day tends down hill from that top-of-the-morning feeling with which you begin. Don't whip yourself as the day begins to wear. Pause and refresh yourself with an ice-cold Coca-Cola, and be off to a fresh start. ▼ ▼ ▼ The wholesome refreshment of Coca-Cola has made it the one great drink of the millions. A perfect blend of many flavors, it has

a flavor all its own—delicious to taste and, more than that, with a cool after-sense of refreshment. ▼ ▼ ▼ It is ready, cold and tingling, at fountains and refreshment stands around the corner from anywhere.

#### THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD



TO GET WHERE IT IS